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THE TWO GOVERNORS.

AT the adjournment of the recent session of Congress, the Hon. Mr. Aiken, lately Governor of South Carolina, one of the file-leaders of Southern interests and feelings, offered a resolution expressive of the high sense entertained by the House of the ability and impartiality of Mr. Banks, the Republican Speaker.

Governor King, the Republican chief magistrate of this State, has just written a very handsome letter to some rural Democrats, tickled by his vigorous veto of the unconstitutional Supply Bill, in which he expresses his belief that the sagacity and experience of Mr. Buchanan will insure us a safe and judicious administration of the Federal government during the next four years.

It is agreeable to record these striking exceptions to the habitual ferocity and vulgarity of our party politics. It is pleasant to see men, who from their position are so painfully tempted to play the demagogue, rise superior to their situation, and set their adherents an example of wisdom, moderation, good temper, and good manners.

It is pleasant, too, when we find a portion of the press, from day to day, lashing themselves, and trying to lash their readers, into a fury signifying nothing—when we see clergymen converting the house of God into a mere political arena, and instead of peace, moderation, and fraternal love, breathing discord, arrogance, and civil strife—it is very pleasant to find men, eminent in position and in ability, eminent by their knowledge of public affairs, expressing, in strong and emphatic terms, their confidence in the substantial good faith and public virtue of their opponents. The lesser organs of party warfare may profit by the example.

In truth, nothing is so stupid as the violence of party spirit in this country. One can understand how, in Greece or Rome, when a man's life depended on his belonging to this party or to that—to the faction of Marius or of Sylla; in France, where, if a man was suspected of being suspected, his head was pretty sure to be in the basket next morning; in England, while the contest was raging between the house of Brunswick and the house of Stuart—one can understand how party spirit might run hot and high—how the best men of opposite sides might misunderstand, underrate, and abuse each other.

But in this country—teeming with prosperity—all parties at heart profoundly attached to the form of government—with the blessings of Union on the lips of every man—with the figure of Washington, the incarnation of union, stamped on the individual as it is on the national heart—here, the fury of party spirit is as unmeaning as it is pernicious and disgusting.

The divisions of party are essential to free government; without them we should stagnate into dull inaction, leaving corruption and abuse a clear field for their operations. Party spirit, in a proper sense, is the life of free institutions; but the vulgar, brutal ferocity of partisan politics, as we see it manifested by all parties in every political contest, has no result but to poison our morals and to destroy our manners.

Nor, what is worse, is there any truth in it. It has not the poor merit of being a sincere zeal—an honest hate. It is all intended for the groundlings. The very men who are tearing their hair, foaming at the mouth, and protesting that the liberties of the country depend on the election of this man, or the defeat of that, know in their hearts it is all stuff and nonsense, gammon and humbug.

The transcendental Republican, crazy over the last decision of the Supreme Court, and vowing and protesting that the country is ruined and disgraced besides, in his tranquil moments is perfectly ready to admit that the helm of State is in wise and experienced hands, and that no great harm can by any reasonable chance happen to us.

The superhuman Democrat, who looks on an Abolitionist as a cockroach, and who affected to regard the election of Colonel Frémont as the end of the Union, not to say the end of the world, knows in his secret heart that the mass of the Republican party are bound by their character and position to Union and the Constitution, and that, in all probability, Mr. Seward, if in the curule chair, would carry out the compromises of the Constitution to the full as faithfully as the straitest of Democratic Presidents.

In truth, the vice of the mind of the country is undue excitement and extravagance. As we see it in party politics, so we see it in questions of morals, as in Temperance; of costume, as in Bloomerism; of Psychology, as in Spiritualism. Every where the same tendency to excess, violence, contempt for the opinions of others, arrogance, and egotism. It comes directly from the eminently independent spirit of our countrymen; and representing, as it does, only the excess of that virtue which has made the nation what it is, it were folly very seriously to quarrel with it.

But those who pretend to guide and direct opinion, those who have an honest desire to lead the active and eager intelligence of this people into correct channels and to correct results—the organs of the Pulpit, the Forum, and the Press—should labor, not to feed, but to repress the wild and morbid extravagance of opinion.

Especially, then, are our thanks due to such men as Governor Aiken and to Governor King—to men in prominent public stations who, resisting the mischievous influence of the fevered atmosphere in which they live, set an example to their followers of moderation, forbearance, mutual respect, good manners, and good temper. George the Fourth, the selfishest and brutalest voluptuary of his time, was wont in England to be called the first gentleman of Europe. We prefer, as a specimen of the order, the republican who respects himself and respects others—who maintains his own opinion without wavering and without vituperation. Honor, then, to our two Governors, the two first gentlemen of America!

THE DRED SCOTT CASE.

THE opinions of the Court in this case are not yet before the public. One or two of the dissenting opinions have leaked out somewhat irregularly, but we have as yet no authentic mode of knowing precisely what the Court, as such, has decided. It is therefore premature, and somewhat unsafe, to attempt to criticise a judgment the reasons of which are not before us; but as it is generally understood that we have the *points* which have been ruled, it may not be amiss to consider what is likely to be the practical effect of the decision which is, in certain quarters, producing such a fervid heat.

It is understood, then, that the Court has decided that free negroes are not citizens of the United States. This is a point that has been so held heretofore by the State Courts of Connecticut, which has been disposed of administratively in the same way by the Department of State in refusing passports to free Africans, and which our commentator, Kent, states as a point of nicety and difficulty. Nor does it appear that the question of the citizenship of our free black population is a question likely to take any practical shape capable of profoundly agitating the public mind. We are indeed a consistent and reasonable people! We have among us a small representation of a tropical race of human beings, marked off from us by the unmistakable line of color, if by nothing else, and over whom we daily arrogate to ourselves of the Caucasian stock a complete and absolute superiority. We will not marry with them, we will not eat with them, as a general rule we do not let them vote, we will let them hold no office. We do not allow them to kneel beside us to worship the Great Father of all; not even when we approach the end of our weary journey will we allow our miserable dust to repose side by side with theirs in the common receptacle of humanity. And yet, when half a dozen old lawyers at Washington, after racking their heads for two years over a question that has bothered the Robe for half a century, announce as their decision that *free blacks are not citizens of the United States*, and as such not permitted to sue in certain courts of limited and special jurisdiction, we fume, and fret, and bubble, and squeak, as if some dreadful injustice and oppression were committed. It really does not seem to us that this part of the Dred Scott decision is likely to produce any very serious practical results.

In the second place, the Supreme Court have decided that the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional, and that Congress has no power to prohibit slavery in the Territories. If this question had been so decided three years ago, it might have been considered formidable, but of what practical effect is it now? The party in power—certain to be in power in two branches of the Government at least for the next four years—have announced it as their fixed and unalterable determination to leave the question of slavery to the Territories themselves. When then, or how is the case to arise, which shall give to this branch of the decision any practical force?

In the third place, the Supreme Court have decided, that if a black, who is a slave in a slave State, is taken into a State by the laws of which he becomes free, and subsequently returns into the State whence he came, he reverts to his original condition of slavery. It is constantly stated that the Supreme Court has decided the right of transit, as it is called; that is to say, that slave-owners have a right to come into or pass through the free States with their slaves, and that as long as they do not fix their residence in a free State, their right of property will be held sacred. It is very obvious that nothing of the kind has been decided in the Dred Scott case. Whatever may be the inclination of the Supreme Court on this point, they have as yet not touched it.

But suppose they had—suppose they do—what will be the practical effect of the decision? Suppose in the Lemon case (all these slave cases are sour enough) they do decide this very question? As an abstract or theoretical question, it is one of the most delicate that could be started; for if our Southern brethren are to come on to Saratoga or to Newport for the season, with their sable dependents, and if during their sojourn the domestic institution is to be hedged round and protected with all the majesty of the law, it is plain that the occasions of contest, collision, difficulty, and turmoil would be endless.

Practically, however, the question is probably not so serious. It is idle—unfortunately, perhaps, but very certainly—it is idle to attempt to enforce any laws in this country against a general public opinion. There is not a State, nor a county in a State, where it can be done; and simply because the Government has no force to compel obedience to its mandates. We have seen it in multitudinous cases. The Anti-Rent difficulty—the Native American disputes in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Louisville—the fate of the gamblers at Vicksburg—the destruction of the convent at Boston—every where it is the same thing. We have seen it, and are seeing it every day, in regard to this very subject of slavery. A Fugitive Slave law was passed six years ago, giving the master stringent provisions to recover his property, and the assistance of the whole Federal authority to reclaim him. What has been the result? One poor devil of a fugitive was returned—it cost $100,000, more or less; and since then, in the Eastern States, and New York at all events, the law has practically been a dead letter, and the slaves are making their way northward all the while. The idea that any decision of the Supreme Court can re-establish slavery in the Free States is a bugbear—an absurdity.

The only result, therefore, that we can arrive at is, that however repugnant the Dred Scott decision may be to the feelings of a portion of the Northern States, it can have no practical effects injurious to our tranquillity, or to our institutions. The subject of slavery will be left to be decided, as it ultimately must be, by the laws which govern labor and production.

It is, indeed, most devoutly to be desired that this great question could be left to be determined exclusively by those laws, free from the interference of the hot-heads of the press and of the pulpit. If we would but permit Nature to have her own way for only a few short years!

It is very plain that a fermentation of the most important character is going on in the middle belt of States, comprising Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri. The emigration of slaves from Virginia southward, the legislative discussion going on in Missouri, the agitation in Kentucky, all show that those great agricultural States, unsurpassed in the Union for their resources of every kind, must soon seriously discuss the subject in a strictly economical point of view.

Is it the interest of the landholders of those States to continue that form of labor? Is there any thing in the condition of Missouri, Virginia, or Kentucky, that should induce them to continue practically to exclude the immigration of the white man? Will not the adoption of another system of industry increase the value of every man's property in those States?

When political agitation shall have ceased, and the fires of religious fanaticism are burned out, these are the points on which this matter must ultimately be determined. It is a question which does not lie in the path of our duty. We have no doubt, however, how it will finally be decided, nor have we any doubt how it would have been decided years ago if every agency that human wit can devise had not been systematically employed at once to excite the passions and blind the judgment of those to whom alone the disposition of the question rightfully belongs.

WASTE OF APPETITE.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER has declared, with all the authority of his great name, that the human stomach is not a Wedgewood mortar, a vessel of clay, so hardened by fire, that it is stronger than stone, and will resist the action of any chemical agent. If our stomachs are not Wedgewood mortars, they should be, to fit them for the hard usage to which they are submitted, and which is borne, apparently, with so much less wear and tear than might be expected, that we are almost disposed to question the dictum of the great surgeon. He, however, is right; the stomach is *not* a Wedgewood mortar, as he had frequent opportunities of seeing for himself in the course of his busy investigations into the human vitals; and it would be well if all of us, by some kind of clairvoyance or other, could just take a peep into our stomachs, and see how unlike, with their delicate structures, they are to mortars of any sort, before we used them as though they were nothing else than such instruments.

The human stomach is a delicate organ, and is not intended to grind stone, like the gizzard of a fowl, or digest tenpenny nails, like the paunch of an ostrich. There is, however, a popular delusion on this subject which leads many to use their digestive apparatus for purposes never intended by nature, and which would overtask the strongest powers of bird or beast. There are certain laws of digestion, founded on the constitution of man, which, like all organic laws, require obedience, or in case of disobedience, demand a forfeiture. This forfeiture is nothing less than health, and perhaps life, when a vital organ like the stomach is concerned in the violation of the law.

There is no better established principle of health than this: *Eat and drink at regular periods*; and it may be added, there is none so universally disregarded. For wholesome digestion, it is necessary that food should only be taken at certain fixed times, and that intervals of complete repose be given to the stomach. The ordinary division of our feeding into breakfast, dinner, and tea, at four or five hours apart from each other, is not only a conventional practice, but a natural law. The stomach requires from three to four hours to digest its food, and will do so in that time, if the food be digestible, and the organ be not disturbed during its operations. It has, however, seldom fair play, and is being constantly interfered with by all kinds of impertinences of diet.

How many of those busily at work in our large cities, who have the privilege of doing as they please, eat and drink as health requires they should? How many dine at a fixed hour, or ever consider their dinner as a previous engagement, and thus allow it to prevent a business appointment? Men who are noted for the order with which they conduct their affairs, are no less remarkable for the irregularity of their lives. They know wealth and influence can not be acquired without systematic effort; they, however, seem to think that health and strength are the loose ends of existence, which are to be

picked up as chance may throw them in their way.

We do not mean to say that our men of business, because they occasionally lose their dinner, or put it off for what they like better—a good bargain—are at all remarkable for their abstemiousness. Their feeding-time may be at no fixed period, but there is seldom an hour in the day in which their stomachs are not supplied with food or drink to work with. The statistics of the various eating-houses, drinking saloons, and oyster cellars would show a degree of daily voracity that, in any less-abounding country, would frighten the people into a famine panic. The mere superfluous consumption must be enormous, for it is this which is universally allowed to be the chief source of those great profits which have so enriched the lords of the carving-knife and the spigot, that they rank among the wealthiest of the land. One who died lately, left a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars, said to have been accumulated from the daily profits of the till of his bar; and others who are still living to carve, to mix, and refresh, are reputed to possess much larger wealth.

The American, like a certain native bird with an ugly name, is always eating; but unlike it, he has not that convenient facility of digestion by which a beneficent nature has compensated the feathered biped for its evil gift of voracity. He is not satisfied with picking up a meal here and there at all hours, but has the greatest variety of dietetic contrivances to keep up a perpetual motion of mastication. He is as constant to his end as the ruminating ox, and should have the three stomachs of that animal fully to perform all the digestion with which he overtasks his single one. It would puzzle a Liebig to analyze the heterogeneous mixtures with which the American daily crams himself. As if the oysters, spiced by the fire of pepper and sharpened with the acridity of vinegar, the plugs of cheese and ale, the crackers and brandy-and-water, the sandwiches, patés, conglomerate slings, compound cocktails, and tinctured bitters, were not sufficiently perplexing, the American adds to the confusion by swallowing repeated installments of half-chewed chestnuts, chips of calamus, bites of apple, and kernels of parched corn, until his stomach becomes another witches' caldron, the contents of which must be in a strange state of fermentation, and

"Like a hell-broth boil and bubble."

Apart from the swallowing of positively hurtful food, there is the waste of appetite upon innutritious diet. The hunger should only be satisfied with those articles which can supply the system with the largest quantity of wholesome flesh and blood. A bit of pastry, or even a cigar, will blunt the edge of appetite as effectually as a heavy cut of beef; but the former will only quicken the waste of the body, while the latter is sure to contribute to its substantial nourishment. The long, drawn-out meagreness of figure, the yellowness of tint, and dyspeptic ailments of our countrymen, may be attributed in a great degree to their irregular eating of indiscriminate food. If they kept their appetites in reserve for the substantialities of a good dinner, they would probably both feel and look better. With more beef in his stomach, Jonathan would show more beef on his ribs, and be no longer sneered at as a mere shadow of paternal John Bull.

HAS THERE BEEN AN ATTEMPT TO POISON THE PRESIDENT?

It will be remembered that in our two last numbers we made mention of a singular epidemic which had broken out among the guests of the National Hotel at Washington, and which was ascribed to the presence of poisoned rats in the water-tank of the house. The fact of the epidemic is undoubted; a thousand people are said to have been affected by it, and probably near a score have died; but the rat story is proved to be without foundation. There had been no poisoning of rats in the hotel, nor were there any dead rats in the tank at the time the disease broke out.

What, then, was its cause? The local authorities of Washington, having discovered that there was something wrong when half a dozen people had died, and the President and some fifty distinguished citizens had been laid at death's door, closed the house, instituted an examination, and reported that the disease had been caused by "miasma generated in the sewers, cesspools, and sinks about the establishment."

If a report of this kind satisfies the municipal authorities of Washington, we can only say that they are easily satisfied. We have in this city some experience of miasma, likewise of "sewers, cesspools, and sinks;" but a miasma potent enough to prostrate one thousand people in a fortnight, is something quite ahead of our experience. The bulk of the sufferers were attacked within a few hours after eating in the house. Mr. Robert J. Walker lived there for some days, without suffering; but the first day he dined there he was attacked. Mr. Elisha Riggs visited the hotel to take a meal, and was severely attacked that night. Mr. George Gifford, of this city, was seized a few hours after drinking in the house. The President was prostrated almost on his arrival there; and of the persons who dined together on a certain day, just before the inauguration, every one has been attacked. The evidence—which has not been gathered with any care—*is overwhelmingly adverse to the theory put forth by the Washington Board, and points directly to the food and water consumed in the house as the source of the malady.*

We conceive that it is due to the country and to the valuable lives which have been placed in jeopardy—it were needless to enumerate names, but Mr. Buchanan, nearly all the members of his cabinet, over forty Congressmen and Senators, Mr. Peter Cooper, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, and a number of other distinguished men, are among the sufferers—to institute a new investigation by some functionaries less easily satisfied than Dr. Johnson, Mr. Coltman and Dr. Force. We have no desire to exaggerate; but had there been an attempt to poison the President, the circumstances would have naturally borne a remarkable resemblance to those now before us. If the poisoning was an accident, it will naturally recur; if it was willful, what a terrible risk are we running!

HOW NEW YORK IS GOING TO BE PUNISHED.

People living in the West, in New England, in Pennsylvania, and the South may not be aware that this city of New York is about to undergo the penalty which, in monarchical countries, has been often inflicted on revolted districts or conquered places. We are about to be deprived of that right of self-government which is generally, though it seems erroneously, supposed to be the essential ingredient of all political institutions in the United States. Let us see what crime we have committed, and what form of penalty the Court at Albany is likely to decree.

Our crime is to have held different opinions on political matters from the rural constituencies of the State. We have had the misfortune to give Buchanan a round majority when the State was overwhelmingly carried by Fremont. It has been our unhappiness to disapprove and nullify a liquor prohibition act which was much esteemed in the rural districts. And it has been usually our lot, as a metropolitan city and to some extent the centre and focus of the intellect, enterprise, and wealth of the continent, to entertain wider views of general policy than those which obtain in the country towns and the counties renowned for butter, wheat, and maple sugar.

For these manifest sins, it is proposed to punish us in this wise:

Our city charter, and our municipal institutions generally, are to be recast and transformed. We are to have an independent comptroller, elected for a longer term than the mayor, not responsible to him, and holding the city purse in his hand. By this contrivance the control over the city moneys will be taken away from the chief executive officer, and his power proportionately reduced. We are to have an independent city counsel, also elected by the people, and not responsible to the mayor; so that indictments obtained at the instance of the latter need not be prosecuted to judgment unless this other official, who may be of opposite politics to the mayor, thinks fit to take them in hand. Thus the mayor—who usually belongs to the party opposed to the politicians of the rural districts—will not be able to enforce a single prosecution, or to pay a single dollar of the city money.

But this is only the beginning. The appointment of the police has usually been vested in functionaries elected by the people of the city. As the police have been paid with the money, and intrusted with the protection of the lives and property of the people of the city, there seemed to be a fitness in delegating their selection to the chosen agents of those people. This is now to be altered, and the appointment of the police for the city is to be taken from the commissioners and vested in a new board, of which the majority will be appointed by the Governor, and elected by the counties of Kings, Westchester, and Richmond. Of this change the practical effect will be to transfer the patronage of our city police to Albany.

It might have been presumed that when the Albany politicians had secured the appointment of our police, and stripped our mayor of all judicial and financial authority, they would have rested from their labors. A merciful tyrant would have been satiated with a lesson of such severity. Our masters in the rural districts are not.

Within the next few years several millions of money will be spent in this city on the construction of a City Hall, and on laying out the Central Park. That money will come out of our pockets or be borrowed on our credit. Not a dollar will be obtained from the State. How many millions will be spent can not yet be safely stated; perhaps twenty—*all our money.* It is the design of our masters to use this money in future elections, and they therefore propose to place it in such hands that the citizens of New York shall have no control over any portion of it. It is to be intrusted to and expended by commissioners appointed by the Governor. All the vast patronage which an expenditure of twenty millions *of our money* will confer will thus be at the disposal of the party which elects the Governor—which, as we said, is not always the party of the city.

This is our punishment. Our masters from the rural districts cripple our mayor—who nine times out of ten will be opposed to them in politics; secure for themselves the patronage of our police force, numbering one thousand men; and lay hands on twenty millions of our money as sinews of war for the next ten years' elections. We submit that the scheme is equally ingenious, oppressive, and unprincipled.

Appearances indicate that it will be carried out. The party has the power, and hopes that were once entertained of resistance from the Governor have latterly lost strength. Significant threats have been uttered by journals presumed to be organs of the party. Well, the thing may be done. Athens was stripped of its autonomy, Louis XI. took away nearly every city charter in France, inconvenient radical boroughs have often been disfranchised in England. So there is ample precedent.

But be it well remembered by the representatives of the people of this State in session at Albany, that, if the principle of State despotism over municipal rights be once acted upon, it will not stop with New York. This is not the only town in the State; once admit that it is heresy for a town to conflict with the country, and no city corporation will be safe. Our fate will be that of many another city, whose people will find the measure, when meted to them, hard enough to bear. And be it further borne in mind, that free political institutions are a towering edifice of which the city and village franchise are the basis, the State and Federal polities the superstructure; if you impair the former, you undermine the latter. The fall of Greece dates from the disfranchisement of Athens; France has not yet recovered from the loss of its municipal liberties under Louis XI.

ANOTHER SLICE OF MEXICO BOUGHT.

We have reason to believe that the failure of the Forsyth treaty—by which Mexico was to receive $15,000,000 as a loan from this country, and to pledge her customs duties for the repayment of the same—was foreseen by the Comonfort government, and was only intended as an entering wedge to a very different bargain. We are given to understand, on very good Mexican authority, that the Government of Mexico is now prepared to sell another slice of territory, comprising the most desirable part of Sonora, for such a sum as will enable Señor Comonfort and his friends to retain power, and give the new institutions a fair trial. And we have grounds for presuming that the cabinet of Mr. Buchanan is quite ready to entertain a proposal of this sort, and to deplete the national treasury by acquiring the command of the Gulf of California. The American public views bargains of this kind—so long as the land acquired is uninhabited—with considerable indifference. It is well understood that a large proportion of the money paid out on these occasions goes into the hands of speculators whose place of business is much nearer Trinity church than the cathedral of the city of Mexico. And it is not doubted but the land we acquire is dear at the price we pay for it. Still, for all these objections, Uncle Sam goes on buying slice after slice, without troubling himself about the cost; and some day, he will find himself face to face with the Central American States. Will that be a consummation to be applauded, or regretted?

It is right that we should say that the illustrated article on Nicaragua which we give in this number is a personal narrative, and that the conductors of this journal do not hold themselves responsible for any opinion expressed therein. We think we may say that the vivid descriptions and general literary merits of the article will commend themselves to every appreciative reader; but we do not desire to be understood as sharing the sentiments of the writer in reference to Central American politics generally, or the cause of Walker in particular.

ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

Artificial light appears so necessary even to the rudest condition of life, that it has probably existed in some form or other among all nations, however rude and uncivilized. Among the more savage it has advanced no further at this day than the burning of splinters of wood, and more particularly those highly charged with resinous matter. So little is known of the everyday life of the nations of antiquity, that the historian or antiquary is unable to say whether lamps or candles were first in use among them. The Romans evidently understood the use of both, for Pliny describes torches of wax and flambeaux used at their religious ceremonials, and the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii disclose a great variety of different patterns of lamps in use among the inhabitants of these cities, when driven from them by the showers of ashes and lapilla from the burning crater of Vesuvius, beneath which they were finally buried.

Patterns of these antique lamps are to be seen in most of our extensive lamp establishments in New York; but however interesting they may be as matters of curiosity, they are never put into absolute use, because far inferior to those of more modern invention.

The lamps of the ancients were supplied with loose round wicks, and burned with an unsteady and flickering light. Franklin discovered that when two or more of these small wicks were placed in contact with each other, they added largely to the steadiness and increase of the light; he was led to this by observing what is known as the cobbler's candle, and was the first to introduce the double-wick hand-lamp now in use. But the greatest improvement in the burner was the discovery of the Argand, or hollow wick, by means of which the interior as well as the exterior of the flame is supplied with air from which to derive a supply of the oxygen used in combustion. This burner has been further improved for oil-lamps by the solar deflector, in general use, by which means a cheaper oil can be burned, and a more economical light obtained, and the Carcel, or mechanical lamp, in which the oil is pumped up to the wick by clock-work. This latter gives by far the most desirable light of any oil-lamp; but the cost of the lamp, and the necessity for the use of the best quality of oil, confines its use to those in opulent circumstances.

Many improvements have recently taken place in the manufacture of candles, the most important of which is the fabrication of stearin, due to the discoveries of Chevreul, a French chemist, by which means an immense amount of lard is annually converted into candles, resembling, in hardness and quality, spermacetti.

Upon observing the flame of a candle, the reader will find that it is composed of a dark interior, consisting of the unburned gas, a brilliant flame around this, and a blue portion at the bottom. The hottest part of the flame is just at the top of the cone. Should he be disposed to try a simple philosophical experiment, he may, by introducing a small hollow tube, as a pipe-stem, into the dark portion of the flame, conduct a portion of it off, and ignite it at the end of the tube.

The materials in general use for the purpose of producing artificial light are various, and possess different illuminating powers. The chief of these are wax, tallow, spermacetti, and stearin, out of which candles and tapers are fabricated; sperm oil, lard, various vegetable oils—as olive, rape, and palm oil—and compositions of spirits of turpentine and alcohol, known under the names of camphene, ethereal oil, and spirit-gas, used in lamps, and illuminating gas, made from the products of a bituminous coal, when exposed to a red heat in a retort prepared for the purpose.

These may be divided into two classes. The first embraces these substances which, while capable of supporting combustion, are themselves *not inflammable*, as candles of all kinds, and sperm and vegetable oils. The second, those which are not only capable of giving light, but are so inflammable as to take fire on the slightest exposure, as camphene, ethereal oil, and spirit-gas. It is rare that an accident is occasioned by the use of materials belonging to the first class; but accidents from the latter are of such frequent occurrence, and have caused so many and such frightful deaths, that it is questionable whether legislative enactment should not interfere to prohibit their use. But few appear to be aware that more deaths are occasioned each year by the use of spirit-lamps than from all railroad accidents combined.

By means of the introduction of coal gas into cities, a light is supplied to those who choose to avail themselves of its aid, combining in an eminent degree cleanliness, economy, safety, and brilliancy. The first account of the manufacture of gas from coal is contained in a letter to be found in the Transactions of the Royal Society, addressed by the Rev. John Clayton to Robert Boyle, a distinguished member of the Royal Society. Mr. Murdock, a Scotch gentleman, conceived the idea of applying the discovery of Mr. Clayton to practice, and with this view commenced a series of experiments in 1792, and was so far successful as to light his own house with gas.

In 1798 he was employed by Bolton and Watt, the great machinists of their day, and the builders of the steam-engine with which Fulton made his first experiments in steam navigation in the harbor of New York, to construct an apparatus to light up their manufactory near Birmingham. In 1812 it was introduced into London, and in 1823 into New York. At the present moment there are few towns of any considerable size in England and the United States which are not illuminated by gas. An idea of its immense consumption may be formed from the fact that nearly one million cubic feet of gas were manufactured by the gas companies in this city last year.

Notwithstanding the general use and great advantages of coal gas as a means of artificial light, it has some grave objections. It belongs, in common with spirit gas when burned with a hollow flame, and oil when consumed in a solar lamp, to that class of bodies which are consumed at a high temperature, and acquire, in the process of combustion, the property of

incandescence, by means of which an unnatural hue is given to all objects thus illuminated. No one can have failed to remark the livid hue imparted to the human countenance when exposed to the full glare of the smith's forge, exclusively due to the same property which illuminating materials acquire when burned at an elevated temperature.

Those who study effect are quite particular about the kind of light they use, and are capable of giving a voluptuous softness to the apartment, whose effect is pleasant in the highest degree. Indeed, there is no luxury in use among the opulent which can be made so fascinating to the senses as a proper disposition of artificial light, and yet there is none so generally disregarded.

Those who give large evening entertainments understand that their guests appear to better advantage under the influence of lights emanating from a brilliant arrangement of wax candles than from gas, and therefore on such occasions reduce the quantity given by chandeliers, and supply the deficiency with those lights which burn at a low temperature, as wax or spermacetti candles.

Even gas, under a proper arrangement for burning, may be made to impart a light of the most luxurious softness; but to effect this an entire change must be made in the burning apparatus. The best, and doubtless the most economical mode of consuming gas is by means of the hollow Argand burner, now almost entirely supplanted by the newer union jet, bat wing, and other modern burners. A light may be produced with Argand burners but slightly raised, and encircled by a glass globe carefully ground, so as to permit no concentrated rays to pass through, which will meet the approval of the most fastidious taste. To effect this, care must be taken not to elevate the flame so high as to produce an incandescent light. The amount required should be obtained by increasing the number of burners in use. The same volume of light obtained from several burners is much softer than when it issues from a single jet, because the temperature in the first instance is much less elevated than in the second—a fact too frequently overlooked by those whose apartments are lighted with this material.

FRANCE AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

SINCE the commencement of the reign of Louis Philippe, the domestic policy of the French Government toward the Roman Catholic Church has not been satisfactory to the Court of Rome, or the Ultramontane Church party in France. Louis Philippe's general bearing was that of indifference toward the peculiar and exclusive interests of the Church. Of this we have evidence in the fact that his ablest prime minister, M. Guizot, was a Protestant. Throughout his reign, the House of Deputies was less decided and less favorable in its measures toward the Church, than was the case in any other Catholic country. Upon the fall of Louis Philippe, and the coming in of the Republic, there was a large increase of Catholic members in the House of Deputies, but no advancement in their policy in favor of the Church. The fall of the Republic was, therefore, no matter of regret to the Catholic party.

Upon the accession of Louis Napoleon, it was evident that he aimed at two distinct and important ends: the first, to realize the policy of his uncle, the First Napoleon; and the second, to enlist the Church, silently yet surely, on the side of his Government. Hence, without being obsequious, and thus losing public respect, he has courted the bishops, and won among them a large and hearty support. There is even a Napoleonic party among the clergy; and the *Univers* is enlisted in support of the religious policy of the Emperor. Yet his domestic policy, in this respect, is not held up as a model for Catholic princes. He obstinately rejects the overtures for a Concordat such as Austria has agreed to, and has appointed a Minister of Public Instruction who is an avowed defender of the ancient rights and privileges of the Gallican Church. This policy of the Government has called the lay-leader of the Ultramontane party, Count Montalembert, to the tribune, and he has fearlessly and violently denounced the measures.

But while the French Government, under all its changes during the last thirty years, has thus been careful not to give the Church too much privilege and power in France, lest the State might become too dependent on Rome, it has displayed great energy and remarkable zeal in promoting Catholic interests abroad. It has steadily followed the policy prescribed by Guizot, the Protestant prime minister of Louis Philippe; viz., that France should become, and make herself known to be, the protector of the interests and honor of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world. Louis Napoleon is pursuing this same policy with greater zeal and ability than any preceding Government; and to-day, in every part of Asia, Africa, Australia, and the Islands of the Sea, the French diplomatist is preparing the way for the Catholic missionary.

The reason of this difference in the policy of the French Government toward the Church at home and abroad, is obvious. Too great concessions at home might make the Government too dependent upon Rome; while abroad, every advance of the Roman Catholic Church strengthens the political power of France. Seeing this, France has managed to have nearly all the missionary movements of the Church placed under the direction of Frenchmen. The great missionary association for the propagation of the faith is not at Rome, but in France—at Lyons and Paris. More than half of the funds is collected in France; and France sends out more missionaries to foreign lands than all Catholic countries besides. The French missionary is known for his patriotism. He is the apostle, not only of the Catholic religion, but of France; and he speaks of the glory and power of France in all the schools and congregations of his mission.

Regarding the Roman Catholic missions in this light, France has lately given them steady and liberal support in all her colonies, and in all places where she has felt herself at liberty to interfere in their favor. Every colony of France has a liberally-endowed bishopric, with zealous French bishops and priests, with well-supported churches, convents, and schools. In Algiers, a large landed property has been given to the Trappists, to establish schools for young Arabs. For the missions in Senegambia a new monastic order was founded last year, by a French bishop, under the auspices of the Government; and in Pondicherry, in Asia, the Vicar Apostolic has been enabled by the Government to open two seminaries for the natives. In Persia, and in Cochin China, where there are 500,000 native Catholics, and in Abyssinia and Madagascar, the missionary establishments have received constant and favorable attentions at the hands of the French diplomatists. As an evidence of the earnestness and determination with which France protects these Catholic missions throughout the world, we may refer to the warlike demonstrations made at Tahiti, and more recently in China.

At the present time, Catholic missions in Turkey attract the attention of France, and she manifests more zeal than the Pope in their behalf. The number of colleges and schools now under the care of French monks, particularly the Lazarists and Jesuits, is said to be great; and the French papers declare that not only the children of the Oriental Christian Churches are found in them, but also the children of Mohammedans. The increase of French missionaries, teachers, and schools, during the last year, is unprecedented. In Jerusalem, a church has been presented by the Turkish Government to the French Emperor; and in several other places the Sisters of Mercy, the Capuchins, and other monastic orders, have received, gratuitously, lands and buildings, or large pecuniary aid. The papers in the special interest of the Government in France take particular care to note these marks of public respect. A French Dominican, Father Besson, has lately been sent to Asia Minor, for the purpose of establishing missions of his order on a large scale. It is understood that the General of the Dominican order in Rome will send only French missionaries to these missions, for the reason that, of all Catholic countries, France is most respected in the East.

Finally, a new missionary association has been formed in France, for the purpose of extending, rapidly and widely, Catholic missions and Catholic mission schools in Turkey. This association was organized at the instance of eminent men, having free access to the wishes and views of the French Government. Marshal Bosquet, one of the heroes of Sebastopol, is its honorary head; and Admiral Mathieu is its actual president. The board of managers is composed chiefly of noblemen and state councilors; and while the religious papers of France earnestly recommend it to the confidence and support of the Church, the secular press presents it warmly as a French enterprise. Time will show how effectually France and the Roman Catholic Church have wrought together for common dominion, as the triumphs of Christianity shall bring the nations under its influence.

CHAT.

GOING TO EUROPE.

COST being of no account—for who minds cost these prodigal days?—it is about as convenient to go to Liverpool or Havre as to Brooklyn or Staten Island. It is only getting into a steamboat at one end of the route, and getting out of it at the other. The mere difference of time—what with the race-horse speed of our *Persias* and the hope of our *Adriatics*—amounts to little, and that little may be so pleasantly disposed of, with the aid of the luxurious appurtenances of modern steamer prodigality, that the traveler will be hardly conscious of having migrated from hotel bed to ship's berth, unless tumbled and laid out unexpectedly in that other bed (which Lieutenant Maury insists upon spreading at the bottom of the sea), some night of "that thickest fog and greatest quantity of ice," which are being constantly observed, for the first time, by the oldest sailor afloat.

We were patriotic enough, of course, to time our departure so as to share in that great national triumph, when the *Adriatic* should beat the *Persia* four minutes and fifty-nine seconds, and we should proudly land on British soil the countryman of the fastest steamer afloat. A few months more or less of anxious impatience we freely gave up, as a consideration for the expected "four minutes and fifty-nine seconds" we were determined to pluck from the haughty triumph of Old England, which, latterly, has had it all its own way in steamboat glory. We looked with admiration on the grace and proportions of that great sea-racer, developing under the skillful hands of the eminent Steers (if gone too soon to rejoice in the triumph of his success, yet spared the sadness of the failure of others). We shouted exultingly with thousands when, with one spring, the *Adriatic* leaped from its restraints, and, clearing the river fast and trim, bounded to the opposite shore. We heard, from day to day, the echo of the clanging of the iron hammers. We awaited the delay which elaborate solidity and resolute safety asked of patience. We heard rumors of disappointment and failure, but we confidently trusted to American enterprise.

The *Adriatic* is at last announced to take her place in the ocean lists. Months upon months have been spent in expectation, but are we not to gain four minutes and fifty-nine seconds in realization? The great steamer is, however, preliminarily to show off its spaces and its action before an exulting public, to prove to our people how fast it can go here, in order to compensate us for any transatlantic doubts, however well-founded, about its speed elsewhere.

The flag is hoisted, the pilot treads the deck, the table is spread, the Champagne put in the ice, the stewards are on the alert, the company has arrived, the captain and owners are conning their speeches, the bell tinkles, the engineer touches the lever—all are busy, eager, and on the move but the *Adriatic*, and she is as motionless as a dead whale.

Well, it is clear we can not get our four minutes and fifty-nine seconds out of the *Adriatic* this season, or the next, perhaps. We shall not go by a Cunarder, at any rate. We are too patriotic; and so we have taken our passage in the steamer *Hermann*, which, though she may be possibly ten minutes behind time, will be sure to look out for the ice, and carefully feel her way through the fog.

Rumor whispers to us that a screw is loose in the machinery of the *Adriatic*. There was some *cut-off* or other which is said to be just the *cut-off* wanted, but which could only be had on the terms of its inventor. These terms were not satisfactory to the mechanicians of the *Adriatic's* machinery, so they tried their hands at a substitute. This substitute has not succeeded, and the engine constructors will now have to come to terms with the successful inventor, or try their skill once more, or return to first principles. In the mean time the *Adriatic* remains a dead whale, and American enterprise hangs its head—in shame, perhaps, but in thought, too—until a full-armed success shall spring from that teeming brain.

FULTON AND NAPOLEON.

Americans, countrymen as they are of Fulton, have a right to their steamboat pride. Having taken the start ahead, it is not surprising that they should desire to keep it; and this they hope to do, and constantly talk about doing, in spite of an occasional *Adriatic* disappointment. As we know our countrymen love steamboat talk above all talk, we shall indulge them with a little more of it.

Fulton, we know, like all great inventors, had to submit to many a cold shoulder and disbelieving shrug; and it has been said that even the shoulders of the Emperor Napoleon were raised, with a veritable Napoleonic shrug, in contempt of our great countryman and his great invention. This, however, proves to have been a libel upon Napoleon, who, however he might despise miserable *litterateurs*, had always an imperial smile for a *savan*. Here is a letter which has lately come to light, through Monsieur Rafetti, who published it in the *Moniteur*;—it is to be included in the expected "Napoleon Correspondence:"

MONSIEUR DE CHAMPAGNY,—I have just read the scheme of Citizen Fulton (an engineer), which you have been far too late in submitting to me, *inasmuch as it may change the face of the world*. Be that as it may, it is my desire that you forthwith intrust the examination of it to a commission composed of members to be chosen by you from the different classes of the Institute. It is to that body that scientific Europe should look for judges competent to solve the problem in question. *A great truth—a physical, palpable fact—is apparent to me.* It is now the business of these scientific men to perceive, and to endeavor to appropriate, that fact. Their report, as soon as made, will be sent to you, and you will transmit it to me. *Contrive, if possible, to have all this done within eight days, for I am full of impatience.*

NAPOLEON.

CAMP OF BOULOGNE, 21st July, 1804.

There is no contemptuous, Napoleonic shrug here; no emphatic utterance of *Charlatan!* but the warm embrace of the friend of science, and, what is more, the prophetic eye to see the future, and the wise head to provide for it.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING.

The first spring we have had a glimpse of in New York since January last was St. Patrick's Day. All Ireland, *ould* and young, was of course out on the occasion, and America nowhere. The shamrock looked unusually fresh and verdant, and seemed to revive under the tender caress of spring. St. Patrick, it must be said in justice, is a very *dacent jintleman* in the morning, and has only to go to bed betimes at night to retain that character until next morning.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

AN ACUTE TRIANGLE.

I KNOW an artist. Not one of those fellows who set you up against a complicated species of peep-show, and make you look like a villain framed and glazed, for three dollars; but a real artist. A man whose mind is iodized; who paints inexorably human nature as it appears behind the scenes; not human nature with its hair curled and its pocket-handkerchief perfumed, but human nature with its feet on the fender; human nature as it is known by valets; human nature with its follies, its secret tears, its small vices, its shifts and subterfuges, its slip-shod amiability, its unobtrusive heroism. It is true that my artist does not always draw academically. He sometimes produces hands like winter mittens, and feet like sections of black pudding. It is curious, by-the-way, that the extremities of the body are the parts which most artists fail in representing. Who, on running over the long gallery of portraits of ladies and gentlemen which one remembers to have seen on the walls of the Academy exhibitions, does not remember the dislocated or boneless hands which were forever holding hats out of perspective, and resting on velvet cushions that looked like bundles of dry-goods? In some of these details, as I have said, my artist is slightly defective; but, on the other hand, what a freshness of imagination, what a perception of the ludicrous and grotesque, what a poetic sympathy for the wild-flowers of life do I find in him! Truly the caricaturist is the man of all others in the present day who will fulfill the most important destiny in the future. The historian of this century, writing a century hence, will find the clothing of the present age, its manners, habits, social peculiarities, physical and moral, in the wonderful sketches of men like John Leech and Gavarni. From the great museum of character gathered by such men, he will be enabled to reproduce us as we have lived. History will cease to be a collection of stately phantoms, but will become tangible, healthy, and full-blooded.

The artist I have spoken of calls himself Triangle.

A TRAMP THROUGH THE SLUMS.

Sitting one evening together, drinking a modest glass of English gin—the true Hippocrene of poets, by-the-way, *vide* Byron—Triangle proposed to me that we should make a few journeys through the slums of New York. For the benefit of country members, the word slum may be translated as a public way, which combines the largest amount of dirt with the greatest possible quantity of children in the smallest possible space. In other words, the slum is the unhealthy spot in the body corporate. It is a civic sore that festers out of sight, covered with rags, and is probed every now and again by the faculty of philanthropists.

"With your immense talent," said Triangle to me, "and my humble skill as a draughtsman, we might make a very interesting article out of the slums of New York for *Harper's Weekly*."

"My dear Triangle," I replied, "you do yourself injustice. Whatever interest would attach itself to the article would undoubtedly be derived from your sketches. I am, however, quite willing."

Between you and me, reader—and I beg that this may not go any farther, for I would not have the proprietors of this paper know it for the world—they never read the *Weekly*, so that I am safe here—between you and me, Triangle and myself belong to a mutual admiration society, established on the principle of the *Knuckleunder Magazine*, which, as all the world knows, is edited by that pleasant fellow, Jolly Vampyre. Triangle has agreed to caricature me into notoriety, while I on my part am to mention his name in print on every possible occasion. I am at present writing a history of the world, in the first chapter of which I allude to Triangle no less than five times. Who will quote Damon and Pythias as examples of friendship after this?

Having agreed with Triangle to undertake the slums, and provided myself with a formidable note-book, which cost me two and sixpence, leaving only twenty-five cents between us for drinks and cigars during the day, we met by appointment last week.

On a fine spring day in the month of March, 1857, two travelers might have been seen slowly proceeding in the direction of a locality known as Minetta Lane. The younger of the two pedestrians wore a steel habergeon forged in the good city of Milan, while his head was surmounted by a light helmet, decorated with the graceful plumes of a bird of Paradise. The second and elder of the pair, whose heavy mustache indicated—but bless my soul! I beg a thousand pardons of the reader. The fact is, I am at present writing a historical romance, and I sometimes mix things up a little. However, to be brief, Triangle and myself commenced our excursion in Minetta Lane, not without my having suffered several sarcasms at the hands of my companion for being too well dressed for the occasion; he having abnegated soap and water for three days previous in order to be in perfect slum costume.

A GREEN LANE.

Minetta Lane is a pleasant retreat branching from Sixth Avenue. It might, as far as color is concerned, be one of the green lanes of England, so famous in poetry. It also exemplifies the adage that "It is a long lane that has no turning;" for although of brief proportions it becomes suddenly dislocated about the middle, as if it saw some attractive kennel in the neighborhood and went out of its way to dabble in it.

Minetta Lane reeks with unclean slaughter-houses. The upper and more fashionable portion of it consists of some equivocal-looking houses, with crazy wooden stoops, through whose grimy window-panes unwashed-looking women with painted cheeks, and clad in greasy finery, leered painfully at us as we passed. The lower portion, however, near Sixth Avenue, smells of blood. At the door of one of the slaughter-houses—a crazy old tumble-down tenement that seemed to have grown old in crime—there was a bloated butcher-boy, whose face was a picture of unclean health, standing inside the door as we passed, contemplating a diseased sheep, that was awaiting the knife, with all the enthusiasm of an artist. I could not help following in imagination the cutlet, yet undissected, from that forlorn animal's loins, to its eventual destination. I saw before me a luxuriously furnished boudoir, filled with all the delightful whims of art, which women love to gather about them. I saw a pretty, delicate-fingered little woman, mistily enveloped in a muslin morning robe with wonderful embroidery, daintily pecking at a chop that lay on a plate of the finest porcelain. Who would have detected in that elegantly prepared cutlet, whose original flavor was cunningly tricked out with piquant sauces, the flesh and bone of that melancholy sheep that Triangle and myself watched tottering round the fetid shambles in Minetta Lane? If half the care was bestowed on sheep that is lavished on mutton what happy animals would they be! There was one peculiarly melancholy spot in Minetta Lane. It was a dreary yard littered with a stratum of decayed vegetables. An infirm broom leaned against one side of the entry, as if overcome with ennui at having had nothing to do for years. Some mysterious articles of linen clothing were hanging on a line to dry; but one could see that nothing ever dried in that reeking atmosphere. The fragments of a cart lay against a side-wall, covered with a crust of wholesome-looking earth that seemed as if it had once come on those old wheels and spokes from the country, and looked out of place amidst all the surrounding garbage. A solitary hen, of Polish extraction, was endeavoring to earn a scanty living about the premises. She had evidently been seduced by a mocking notice of "country milk" affixed to one side of the entry, and had hoped, probably, to find good wholesome

food in a place putting forth such a pastoral announcement. Poor thing! she was sadly disappointed. I saw her make a few cheerless investigations in the soil; then her top-knot drooped, and she wandered away to some more propitious quarter.

SUBMARINE EXPLORATIONS.

From Minetta Lane to Lorillard Place, as Mr. Pepys would say. Lorillard Place turns off of West Broadway close to the river end. There is consequently much marine flavor about it. It is not pure salt water, however. The real Jack tar is not to be found there. It tastes rather of river steamers, and wharf-thieves. The place is only what may be called brackish. The junk shop, as viewed by an interested person, is not inviting, however attractive it may prove to those who keep it. It generally gives the spectator a crawling sensation. One can not imagine those mountains of parti-colored rags to be uninhabited; they surely support some hardy race of agile mountaineers! I was much struck by a portion of a sign which I copied in Lorillard Place. The meaning is as yet an unsolved mystery. The sign was over a junk shop, which was in the basement of a tall house, and which was so bent and battered that the great house overhead seemed to have crushed the nasty place out with all its weight. The sign ran as follows:

"Licensed Junk Shop. The highest price paid for rags, old iron, bottles, rope, india-rubber, pewter, glass, and zinc. *Also a great variety of two-handed hard.*"

Now I beg leave most respectfully to inquire what is "two-handed hard?" Is it an animal, or a rope, or an instrument? The words "two-handed" seem to point at its being human. Sailors, I know, are sometimes called "hard" customers. That they have two hands—since the peace—is equally undeniable. Can it be possible that they buy old sailors at this junk shop? If so, what use do they make of them?

In Lorillard Place, we observed an old Lady of Celtic origin whose appearance was very imposing. She was evidently the proprietor of a select grocery, which was stowed away in a species of cavern, at the entrance of which she was standing. It was obviously some great occasion with her. Probably some distinguished relative had died, and she was arrayed for the "wake." She had on a white muslin cap of gigantic proportions, and evidently fresh from the wash. A table-cloth of unexceptionable purity was folded round her neck and across her ample bust, and her hair had been dressed with the greatest care with a blacking-brush.

Observe the holiday air which is spread over her countenance. She has disembarrassed herself of business cares for this day, and is determined to enjoy herself. She stands, confident of the unexceptionable character of her costume, watching

to greet her friends as they pass, and while away the time in innocent gossip. So does the Fifth Avenue belle sweep down Broadway at the hour when the fashionable business men are coming up town; so does the *femme, comme il faut*, promenade on the *Champs Elysées*, breathing the incense of the thousand-and-one dandies that float around her. Let us hope that this old lady will enjoy herself at the wake of her cousin this evening, and smoke her pipe and tell her stories in peace.

Another inhabitant of Lorillard Place attracted our attention. At the door of one of those long entries which lead from the street into back yards in which there are other houses mysteriously stowed away, making the streets like those Chinese balls in which there are balls continually inside one another—at the door of one of these avenues sat what seemed to Triangle and myself to be a young Chimpanzee, with a ripe cocoa-nut in its arms. On approaching more closely, however, it proved to be a boy of about eight or nine, or thirty-

five years old, nursing a lethargic baby. The boy did not seem in the least aware of the awful responsibility under which he labored. He gazed stupidly out upon the street, holding the baby as if he had the most commonplace article in the world in his arms. There are philoprogenitive females of my acquaintance who would have administered chastisement to that benighted boy for exhibiting such carelessness toward that most precious of earthly treasures. I am convinced that the wretched urchin has let that baby fall before this.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

It was in Madison Street, a locality which runs almost parallel with East Broadway, that Triangle and myself first discovered with how little capital one could start in business. I had before this been familiar with Madison Street. It was there that the celebrated Madam Prewster, the astrologer, resided, when I paid her that renowned visit with which all the readers of the *Daily Times* are acquainted. Madam Prewster has, I believe, altered her locality for the benefit of change of policemen, but Madison Street is still *in statu quo*.

Toward that end of Madison Street which borders on Franklin Square—the other end becomes intensely respectable as it proceeds—Triangle and myself, seeking wistfully in all directions for material, came to a stand-still opposite a small wooden tenement. The door leading into the basement story was surmounted by a decayed sign-board, announcing that Board and Lodging might be had

within. The basement itself—a sort of obscure store—displayed a dim perspective of old planks, which caused Triangle, who is an inveterate punster, to say that he saw the board, but would like to know where the lodging was. An Irish shoemaker's apprentice, about twelve years old, was out on parole on the stoop of the next house, watching us with a pleasant Hibernian scowl. A dog of homeless aspect, afflicted with tender feet, was gazing wistfully through the door of the basement with an eye to bones. Suddenly a brilliant idea struck Triangle.

"Let us make an inventory of the stock in this window," said he, pointing to the bulgy casement of the obscure store. "It will give an air of truthfulness to our article."

I drew forth my note-book, and Triangle called off the articles with the glibness of a sheriff's officer. Here is the list.

THIRD STORY, OR SHELF.

1 packet of yellow envelopes; 4 bottles of horse-radish, looking like pulp from a paper-mill, bottled; 1 plaster of Paris parrot, handsomely colored, in cage; 1 large red card, advertising White's bread; a miscellaneous collection of old fire-crackers in the background; 1 pink paper kite, with a portrait of an inflated turkey stuck on it; 11 papers of black lead; 6 papers of tacks; 1 money-box, in the shape of a church, with a slit in the steeple for the pennies—a pleasing method of teaching youth its duties toward its clergyman; 12 paper boxes, contents unknown, but supposed to be dust.

SECOND STORY.

1 glass jar containing floury lozenges; a large gold-fish bowl, filled with cocoa-nut candy; 2 pickle-jars, filled with leeches of liquorice; 1 box of blacking; a large cake of candy, pitted with almonds; a glass jar with nameless candies rolled up in ladies' curl papers; similar jar with lemon drops; many boxes of blacking; a paper of pins in the distance, partially obscured by a bottle of nutmegs; 3 lemons in the last stages of consumption; 1 bottle of motto candies; 1 general bottle of nothing in particular; 1 pickle-jar, filled with some species of confection that looked like variegated porcupines; large glass jar of swollen pickles.

BASEMENT STORY.

A wooden box containing a sediment of marbles and saw-dust; 3 school slates; a bunch of whale-bones and a battledore; 12 papers, supposed to contain red lead; a box of peg-tops; 1 lemon, in the first stage of consumption; a mahogany bedstead, 1 inch by 3; a tin box containing hair pins done up in yellow paper; a pasteboard box containing fish-hooks; 6 papers of pins; 1 comic Valentine; 1 shoe-lace; a large glass case, filled with popped corn and broken candy, one of the panes of said case being repaired with a map of Central America.

Fortunately for the peace of mind of the proprietress of this varied assortment, our inventory ended here. While we were taking it she labored under great excitement, and kept continually coming to the door to look for a policeman. Thoroughly struck by the feasibility of entering into business on a small capital, Triangle and myself here terminated our first walk through some of the slums of New York.

MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

FLORENCE, *Feb.*, 1857.

WHAT a pity you Gothamites can not have a taste of the dramatic qualities of the present queen of the Italian stage, Ristori, as you have had of her rival in European fame, Rachel, whom disappointment and ill-health have sent into exile in the land of the Pharaohs. Rachel electrifies an audience by her specific greatness. Her range of genius is confined, her action is serpent-like, and her successful castes of character wholly on the evil side of human nature. Not so Ristori. In certain passages in the same plays in which she attempts to compete with Rachel, she is inferior, and her partial success is too evidently the result of imitation of the Jewess; but as a whole, woman and actress, she is superior to Rachel.

In tragedy you see the action of a great womanhood—a depth of feeling and expression that magnetizes the audience. You cease to wonder or to be suddenly startled, as with Rachel, but find relief in weeping or the fullest sympathy. What is very uncommon is, that her success in comedy is even greater than in tragedy. Her personal attractions are such as to greatly add to the witchery of her genius. Few can resist the eloquent tears or smiles, the frantic passion or the naive coquetry, of a charming, beautiful woman, though her field of action be the stage, and her art but simulation.

Ristori is now enjoying a perfect furore of triumph throughout Italy. Here she filled the Pergola nightly, at prices that made the parsimonious Florentines any thing but amiable, at first, toward her. "Why should we pay five dollars now," they would say, "to see the woman who, but a few years ago, was to be seen for ten cents?" But they went for all that, and wept, and laughed, and applauded their distinguished countrywoman, just because they could not help it.

At Naples, recently, in playing Medea, she so lost herself in the excessive passion of that character that she finally became giddy, fell upon the foot-lights, fainted, cut herself badly, and broke up the performance, to the chagrin and sorrow of a crammed and brilliant house. In Rome, where she next goes, for four nights only, every seat is taken long in advance, and princes and cardinals quarrel over a third-tier box.

Miss Charlotte Cushman is wintering at Rome, but intending to go to America this summer for a theatrical season in the United States. The London critics admit that she is at the head of the English living drama.

Eliza Biscaccianti's American laurels have decidedly faded before the requirements of a Florentine public. She has been singing during this carnival at the Pergola, in her favorite part of Amina, in the *Sonnambula*. Small as is the house her voice proved inadequate to fill it, and beyond pleasing as a correct singer and pretty woman, she had no success. There is an opinion among some foreigners, that it is quite sufficient for any talent to be of America to be condemned by the Italians; but I think the following anecdote will prove that, at all events, the Florentines are gallant and sympathetic. The same young English lordling, of whose abusive opinion of American society in the United States, publicly given here, after having partaken of its hospitalities, I wrote you in a former letter, at a recent delivery of the *Sonnambula*, which was, as usual, coldly received, undertook to hiss Biscaccianti in a spiteful and conspicuous manner. Immediately the whole house as it were *extinguished* him, and called for the fair Bostonian to appear, three successive times, with a perfect storm of applause and sympathy, which set her to crying like a child; and she could scarcely support herself to get back. Every American that I have seen on the Italian stage seemed to me to carry with him a national feeling in his favor, though the Italians are inexorable in their musical criticism, and when satisfied, like children, beside themselves with pleasure.

What would be thought among the fashion of New York were one of the "Upper Ten Thousand" to send their domestics to occupy their box at the opera, as a treat to them, occasionally; or at her Britannic Majesty's Theatre, were the noble Marquis of Westminster to send his butlers and chambermaids to sit among the ranks of the Norman aristocracy? Would not the "blood of all the Howards" be scandalized thereby! Yet I must confess that it gratified me to see recently here, at the Pergola, the servants of the Princess Poniatowski occupying her box, driven in her carriage, and enjoying themselves with ices and the music as properly—and with far more zest, from their rarity to them—as any of the titled crowd around. The Poniatowskis are ex-royal, and the leaders of fashion here. Such an example of attention to the pleasures of their dependents must go farther to secure their devotion than large wages, for it shows an appreciation of them as *fellow-beings*. There will never be *good* servants in America until the feeling of social caste is, as it is partially in Europe, leavened by more lasting and intimate associations than that of mere dollars and hand service. While the nobility here do such things, not unseldom finding real friendship among their dependents, young America makes itself ridiculous by its eccentric and pretentious airs, greatly to the sneering amusement of the European lookers-on. A few days since one of my countrymen, in an aristocratic circle, remarked that it was a pity the United States was not a Monarchy, for if it were, his family were so high that he would have been made "Duke of New York"—a title which ever since, *sub rosa*, he goes by. A lady of Philadelphia astonished the police and crowd recently by getting up a brilliant ball at noonday, closing the shutters, making artificial night, etc. The lights, music, and *decolté toilettes*, at that unseemly hour, created no small street-excitement.

While upon family gossip, I must give you another item of American enterprise. A buckwheat-loving friend of mine, at no slight trouble imported from home some of the best of that flour, a receipt for making the cakes, etc.; and having got all things right, his imagination kept his mouth watering for several days in anticipation of his coming treat. He undertook the mixing himself. As they would not rise, he sent out his cook to buy soda. That individual speedily returned with a pound of—Glauber salts, the only thing in Florence that answered to his master's description of soda. The cakes did not rise that day, nor have they since.

Have you heard why Queen Victoria sent her second son, Prince Alfred, to winter at Geneva? Because the little bully so tyrannizes over the Prince of Wales, who is a mild-tempered youth, thrashing him soundly whenever he felt in the mood, that Buckingham Palace was considered no longer big enough for both. It must be consoling to democratic mothers in America to know that Royal blood is not always proof against bad habits. The Princess Royal, about to marry the Prince Royal of Prussia, has some ounces of willful blood in her also. When younger, of course, than at her present marriageable age, she was accustomed to call a certain gentleman of the Royal household only by his family name, after the manner of servants. She was corrected for it, but in vain; at last, she was told the next time she did it she should be put directly to bed. The next morning the Hon. Mr. —— (Wilcox, we will say) came in as usual. "Wilcox," calls out her Royal Highness, "good-morning; I'm off to bed."

A curious story of an American young lady at Rome has been floating about here for some time past. American, by-the-way, may mean Brazilian, Mexican, West Indian, and many other parts besides our Union. But the story is this: She is enormously rich and always wears a mask—no one had ever seen her face. At last, seduced by the ingots, a gentleman of good family was bold enough to propose for her hand, and was accepted. But even to her lover she would not unmask. Her figure was fine, and he became impatient to see her features. At last, telling him that he would repent his curiosity, but relying on his protestations of love, etc., she withdrew her screen, and displayed a *Death's head*, as it seemed to him, from which he fled in horror, without venturing upon a second look, or even saying adieu. It is said that the mother of the unfortunate young lady, before she was born, experienced a fright of so powerful a nature as to leave imprinted upon the countenance of her infant the resemblance of a skeleton face. This became so striking that she has been always obliged to conceal it by ingeniously contrived masks. I can credit this story, for in society here there is a lady whose head always suggests the same disagreeable fact.

A clever Greek tells me he never reads history, as it is in general a record of lies. There is more truth than one could wish in his opinion. Most of modern learning seems to be employed in unlearning the past, and in unraveling its skein of errors. But the errors of mere fact are of little consequence if the notions founded on them do not lead men astray from moral progress. Napoleon III. became Emperor of France in virtue of his *descent*, while, in truth, there is not a drop of Bonaparte blood in him. He governs from the force of his own will, but the notion that made him supreme was outside of himself. His real father was Count Flahault, by rank a Dutch admiral, also the parent of Count de Morny, who has lately married a Russian princess, Troubetskoi, whose eldest sister is, beyond doubt, the daughter of the late Czar Nicholas, and who is supposed to be the father likewise of the bride. At all events, the unfortunate prince who was selected by the Czar for the husband of his lady-love, when coming events made such a relationship requisite for appearance' sake, one day, some time after his marriage, under the instigation of jealousy, left his military post, went home, and found Nicholas where he should not have been. He bluntly requested him to return to his own palace, and thenceforth not to cross his threshold. The autocrat obeyed. But he soon dispatched him to a post at a long distance from St. Petersburg, as a penalty for *having left his official duty without permission*, very generously overlooking the interruption of his *tête-à-tête*.

Now the popular opinion being that Count de Morny is a son of the great Napoleon, his marriage is said to unite the Corsican current with the haughty Romanoff blood, when, in reality, it mixes the latter with quite another commonplace stuff. It would be a slippery task to undertake to set perfectly right royal genealogies any where, and a still more dubious one to frame from them any theory of hereditary transmissions of qualities through material agencies. The Napoleon right of the present Emperor comes from his adoption and comprehension of the ideas of his great predecessor, and politic use of them upon the present generation of Frenchmen, many of whom of the ignorant sort, when he became President, supposed that the great conqueror himself had returned to France to govern them anew. Now the saddle is firmly fixed on their backs any adroit rider can keep his seat for a while.

CICERONE.

PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

DEAR EDITOR,—Have you been to see Mrs. Howe's play, "Leonore, or the World's Own?" I have. I never can resist the attractions of a first night, and go I did. Of course it was considered a very interesting occasion, and such it certainly was. A poetic five-act tragedy, by an American lady, and performed by a talented American actress, would appeal to the nationality of the whole city, as Manager Stewart took care to enlarge upon to us, before he would suffer a creature to leave the theatre. And how pleased the *Tribune* people must be, I should think, at such a combination of genius, at once native and feminine! (But for American, above, you ought, I think, to read Irish-American; for if ever Paddy, or rather Bridget, was stamped upon a human face, it is upon that of Miss Heron. It is unmistakable, and—unfortunate.)

You see, then, the occasion *was* interesting. As the work of a lady born and educated in this city, many personal friends were anxious to witness this performance, and not a few of the "first families" were to be seen among the audience. As a rule, these "first families" are not handsome, so I can not say they lent much beauty to the *coup d'œil;* nor was it an opportunity for pretty toilets to display themselves. But the literary gentlemen and critics made up for it, most of them being well anointed with the oil of gladness, and looking sleek and almost humane in consequence; while several among them sported killing neck-ties and dazzling vests. But the most attractive person was the authoress herself, who sat in a shady nook of her box, but was compelled to bow to us when the audience demanded her at the last. She has a face that I must look at while I can see it—sad, sensible, and very sensitive, and rather anxious in expression; and her manner in acknowledging the noise around her was so simple, natural, lady-like, and yet not the least cold or indifferent, that she quite charmed me, and I ended in liking her much better than her play. She is not handsome, I suppose, but the features are too regular not to be classed with those on the good-looking side of creation. It was understood that a strong deputation of Boston wit and wisdom had been forwarded by express to share in the author's triumph; consequently no places were to be found in that little house for many days previously.

MISS HERON.

I had been waiting some time to see this much-talked-of actress. While she was so busy performing *Camille* and *Medea*, I thought it best to avoid her. I am sick of the former; what with Mme. La Grange's lack-a-daisical *Traviata*, Miss Keene's dreadful fits of coughing, and so on, I am wearied with the subjects. Besides, I hate these long-drawn death-scenes; if well acted, they are horrible—if badly done, they are simply disgusting. So from *Camille* I fly, as if I were a young gentleman in danger of fascination. As to the morality, by-the-by, or rather the immorality, of the play, I should very much like to see it! To me *Camille* is simply stupid. Now something downright wrong and improper, I fancy, would be charming, particularly to us women, who are so carefully guarded by our husbands and fathers from all wickedness of the world—except their own. Something really improper would please me, I am sure.

But to Miss Heron, I must say she does her best for us, even in this respect; for I doubt if the Pilgrim Fathers would have thought it decorous to witness that first act of *Leonore*. It shows the progress of manners, perhaps.

I remember, some time ago, several newspaper critics, full of enthusiasm for this lady, expressed a fervent wish to see how "such a woman could love." (Dear me! what a pleasing, psychological study!) And she seems to me to have taken the hint, for such elaborate demonstrations of affection as she indulged in I never was witness to before. Generally speaking, such performances are strictly private and confidential, and one seldom has the benefit of them in public. I have a little friend who is decorum, not to say prudery, itself. She was actually "uncomfortable," she said. I own she is a *leetle* too particular, and thinks it scarcely proper for an admirer to kiss her hand. But I observed she became very restless and uneasy during that first act, when the hero and heroine think so much of each other.

"Don't you think," she whispered, anxiously, "that she goes a little too far?" This was when Miss Heron advances to the foot-lights with that stick of a lover, not only winding her arms around him, but also his around her, somewhat after the manner of acrobats, or perhaps ballet-dancers, in a *pas de déclaration*, only a little more so. To confess the truth, my own mind began to be disturbed by doubts as to where and how she intended to end. And what a fellow, after all, to make so much fuss about! What a lover, good Heavens! not even a smile for the fair creature who was twisting and turning him round in this manner! How unpleasant it must be to perform with dull lovers! I think I should demand so many extra dollars in such cases, it must be so troublesome to have *all* the regard a pretense.

Miss Heron has very good arms; she also knows it, and very sensibly takes care that we shall know it too. That's quite right, I think, for it is her strong point. I must say I did not see much of a peasant-girl's simplicity, or the freshness of a youthful heart in that first act. That affection was neither spontaneous nor genuine, in my humble opinion, and resembled much more the conduct of a young person of considerable experience in love affairs, or who might even consider them her *métier*. I didn't like it at all. And how badly she dresses too! What can be prettier than an Italian peasant-girl's costume? it is both picturesque and becoming. Miss Heron's was neither one nor the other; it was hunchy, bunchy, tawdry, and ill-made, neither grace, taste, nor sense, to be discovered in it. And then that other costume, in which she wanders long, poor thing, in Italian cities, looking for the disagreeable lover who had deserted her; what a misfit *that* was! The third dress, cream color, gold, and purple, is really pretty, and shows to advantage her handsome arms, but the *tout ensemble* is spoiled by a detestable green wreath round the head, out of all harmony with the rest. As to the fourth, imagine a very ugly velvet robe, loose at the shoulders, baggy at the waist, the trimming free and easy, the whole huddled on apparently in much haste, and ready to drop off without a moment's warning. A very handsome woman may perhaps be careless of her costume with impunity, but Miss Heron is not one of those. On the contrary, she is so far from good-looking, that it must be very up-hill work for her to counteract the effect of her face. She has talents, of course, and she does her best, which always makes one respect a person; but her revenge is to me clap-trap, and her love too labored. She is most effective in grief and sorrow, and touches one often by her simple distress; and perhaps, after all, this is the greatest compliment one can pay to a performer.

THE PLAY.

The play itself is beautiful in many parts—in sentiment and in language, for instance—and must be called a fine poem; but it's not dramatic, and to me the characters all want life and truth. I am not particularly dulcet, by nature, I believe; but revenge, of such a kind especially, appears always to my mind stilted, forced, and far-fetched. It never impresses me, and I don't believe in it. The first two acts have more genuine feeling than those which follow, and they were also better performed; but the last part is a mistake, and it was also unmistakably tedious, being some hours too long, for my patience at least. I had my fears from the very first, when some one began to say "Methinks," and then, "What ho! there!" When once I hear such words, I know the author is not in a hurry, and, going back to the language of our great ancestors, expects us to have their patience to match it. Besides, when an actress takes up a quarter of an hour in pronouncing the one word *ten-der-ness*, each syllable bearing an unfathomable depth of meaning, you can imagine the remainder of the five acts is not to be recited in no time. She sees us and the evening before her, and thinks she can do as she likes. Just fancy, too, a woman lingering to moralize and reflect on her bad behavior about an hour after she had stabbed herself carefully in the very centre of the loose velvet robe above described, and I think she had taken poison also a short time before, but it didn't seem to take effect!

That is one, among other points, which remain for me wrapped in mystery, and perhaps you, my intelligent Editor, can satisfy my ignorance; if not, your "Notes and Queries" may be able to enlighten me.

First, Why does not *one* method of self-destruction suffice to that vehement lady? And if she did not swallow poison, what was it she did take?

Secondly, Why on earth does Leonore use such infinite pains to deceive the Prince, and make a goose of him before our very eyes, when she told him from the first, with all due frankness, that she wouldn't say a word to him unless he helped her to avenge her wrongs? He surely knew what she was about all the time.

Thirdly, And I honestly ask for information, was it usual for gentlemen in Italy, two hundred years ago, to demand "a flask of Rhenish," when desirous of quenching their thirst? Hadn't they wine enough of their own?

Fourthly, And I appeal to you as a man of judgment and experience, do you think it probable a woman would be greatly admired for her beauty, and win the heart of a powerful prince too, while her complexion was so out of order? Is it charming to be livid, with black circles round the eyes? I don't think so. But that is Miss Heron's condition during the three acts in which she is said to be a reigning belle! Why, in real life a person would scarcely allow herself to be seen, even in the bosom of her family, while such an object. Can't tragedy be represented without those shades of powder? Perhaps it's a true presentment of "green-eyed jealousy." If so, it is too literal for my fancy.

Fifthly, Who, or what, or where, is the "World's Own?" Is it Leonore? and if so, why so? as the lawyers say. What *does* it mean? Do explain.

Lastly, Why could not the play be altogether national, and represent people and things around us here? Could not Leonore, for instance, be an American factory girl, etc.; but no, I suppose they are too sharp to be deceived by wandering Counts, though New York damsels are not. So I dare say Mrs. Howe is quite right, and knows her own business best. My mind is disturbed by these several doubts, and I entreat you will clear them up in your next. Meanwhile, go and see Leonore, if you haven't done so, and say you agree with me *in toto*. Yours,

—

A BACHELOR TAX.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We've been very much pleased with a notion that we've read in the paper about taxing bachelors, which we think *delicious*, and—the wretches!—hope it will be done. But there is a sort of bachelor who ought to be taxed until he cried for mercy, and couldn't any longer bear it; and that is the *bachelor flirt*, that goes about society like a bee about a garden, and *settles for good and all nowhere.*

"Nothing so teasing, *Mr. Punch*, to a serious mind as to seem to play with what we've heard called (my aunt used to name 'em so) the responsibilities of life, which the bachelor flirt continually does, always outraging—as one of our parlor boarders says—the *purest and the holiest expectations!*

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, you're always so good, and, therefore, do fix a proper rate of taxes on *the bachelor flirt*. For instance:

"How many bouquets ought to signify something like a declaration?

"How many squeezes of the wedding-ring finger ought to go for honorable intentions?

"How many times going on one knee, and presenting therefrom a plate of cakes, ought to be taken as 'your slave forever?'

"And none of these intentions properly carried out, do name what ought to be the rate of tax on the bachelor flirt.

"We remain, dear *Mr. Punch*, your affectionate readers,

"MARY, JANE, AUGUSTA, MATILDA, ANNE."

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"MR. PUNCH,—Heaven knows! poor spinsters are taxed—which is a subject I will not go into at present, but am quite ready to do if provoked—and why not Bachelors? Besides, if spinsters *are* spinsters, is it altogether their own fault? I will answer for myself—certainly not. It's given to a man to be allowed to ask where he likes; yes, man may open his mouth to all the world; while a poor woman is expected to sit, with her lips as close as an oyster, and, whatever may be her feelings, to say nothing. Young men may never think of the compliment that's frequently paid them; but how often are they quietly, silently chosen for husbands, while—gay and heartless—all the while they know nothing of the matter?

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, a man having all these advantages over a woman, ought he not to be brought down a peg or two by the tax-gatherer? And then their impertinence is, at times, enough to make one's blood run cold. You will see a young gentleman look at the wonders of the creation before him (need I say I allude to my own sex?) just as if he was looking into a basket of peaches, and didn't know which to pick, or, what is worse, didn't know or care whether he wanted a peach at all, but still just looked at the fruit for the curiosity of the thing. Well, nine times out of ten, he may, if so properly minded, *choose his peach;* and, oh dear! the lovely peaches I *have* seen plain young gentlemen take to themselves, as if they were only brought into the world for them and nobody else! Well, I don't so much complain of that. No; but this. Of course the gentleman *may choose his peach;* but who ever heard of the peach *choosing the gentleman?* No: Sir, the peach may be a lovely peach, with such a velvet cheek, and such a tint and color on it—but there it must lie, Sir; lie as cool as it can in its leaves, with its heart melting, but with never a tongue to say as much. *Mr. Punch*, I am now—no, it matters not, and why should I tell it—still I am now so many years old; and I myself *was once a peach!* I have been gazed at; I have seen others selected; I have not been removed from my basket, and the leaves have shriveled and gone yellow—not positively yellow, but just a little turned; but at the present writing, and I can lay my hand upon my heart, and say, with no fault of mine, I am *a spinster peach!*

"Which brings me back to a Bachelor Tax. And I will say this: if a man will not pay his money in the way of wedding-rings, he ought to pay it in another. I look upon a willful bachelor as a man who defrauds the commerce of his country, and robs the Government of soldiers and sailors. Such a man is a lawful subject for what I believe is called an impost. At such a man I would have every tax-gatherer point the finger of scorn—with a pen in it!

"Believing as I do that every *sane man* who is single (if there is such a thing) is, at the age of five-and-twenty, a proper subject for the marriage ceremony, I would have a graduated tax, beginning at that time and ending at sixty—at sixty to be legally and morally exempt. I haven't yet settled in my mind the amount of tax to be paid by the bachelor, but I would have it made *as crushing as possible* to bring it as near as it might be to the expenses of the holy state.

"Trusting, *Mr. Punch*, that you will give the subject your best consideration, that heartless bachelors may be punished, and spinsters with *only too much heart* avenged, I remain your constant admiring reader,

"INVITA MINERVA."

LITERARY.

THE first volumes of Ticknor and Fields's household edition of THE WAVERLEY NOVELS, containing "Waverley," justify our expectations of an elegant and convenient edition. They are in a small duodecimo, on fine paper, in clear, readable type, which will not try the eyes, and for compactness and legibility combined, surpass any extant edition. One great excellence about them strikes us as this, that they are precisely suited to be the companions of railroad or other travel, being small enough for a stout pocket, and of such clear type and page as to be easily read in a rail-car, while at the same time they are ornamental library books. To those of our readers who are not supplied with *Scott*, this edition will afford an excellent opportunity.

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THE SULTAN AND HIS PEOPLE, *by C. Oscanyan.* New York: Derby & Jackson.

The illustrations in this volume are worth five times the price of the book. They are well sketched, and convey an exact idea of Turkish life and customs, which no amount of description would equal. This is the age of illustrated books, and it is not to be doubted that, for all works of description, it is the true plan. Mr. Oscanyan has done a good service in publishing his book just at this time, when the events of the war have directed public attention to the East with more than common interest. A native of Turkey himself, but educated at an American college, he is doubtless better fitted for his work than any American who may have passed any number of years in the lands of the Sultan. He corrects a great many errors, teaches us a great deal that is new, and makes a very valuable and readable book.

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THE CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM, *by Rev. Dudley A. Tyng.* New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

It is hardly necessary to commend this volume, which is indorsed by the name of the well-known author. It is designed to reach the hearts of all who sustain family relations, and, with that view, its chapters are entitled "A Christian Wife," "A Christian Husband," "Parents," "Training of Children," "God in the Dwelling," and "The Children of the Kingdom." The book is a pleasant and profitable companion for a thoughtful hour, and will be welcomed in a thousand Christian households.

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1. THE HUNDRED DIALOGUES.
2. PARLOR DRAMAS; or, Dramatic Scenes for Home Amusement, *by William B. Fowle.* Boston: Morris Cotton. New York: J. M. Fairchild & Co.

The former of these two books is designed for the use of schools; the latter for private theatrical performances and parlor exhibitions, which have become popular of late, perhaps on account of the great success achieved by Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon in that line. They contain dialogues calculated to suit the capacities of unpracticed actors.

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THE FRASERIAN PAPERS of the late William Maginn, LL.D. Annotated, etc., *by R. Shelton Mackenzie.*

Dr. Mackenzie has laid the American public under great and lasting obligations by the series of books of which this is the—we can not say what number; but whether more or less, it is far from being one too many. The memoir of Dr. Maginn is written *con amore*, by one who appreciates his subject, and shows throughout a spirit kindred to that of the brilliant genius whose history he is relating. He was one of those who surrounded Christopher North in the early and glorious days of Maga, one of the worthies of the Noctes who are immortal in the literature of the century, of whom

it is pleasant to hear every word that reminds one of the alternate delicacy and splendor of their wit, the varying genial and jovial character of their pathos and their fun. We shall never see the like again. Wilson and his allies have lived, and there will never be another such assemblage.

The life of the author contains an interesting and delightful sketch of the early years of *Blackwood* and *Fraser's Magazine*, with a thousand piquant anecdotes of men of the English, Scotch, and Irish literary world—forming altogether one of the most entertaining biographical chapters that it has ever been our fortune to fall upon. The Fraserian Papers themselves need no praise. They made their mark, and will be recognized as old and familiar friends by general readers. The book, as a whole, contains more good reading than will often be found between one pair of covers, and will amply repay the purchaser.

Stories of the Island World, *by Charles Nordhoff*, author of "Man-of-war Life," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Nordhoff is one of our most graceful and pleasant writers. As an artist, with his pen, in sea-scenes, incidents, and adventures, we venture the assertion that he has not a superior. In this book he gives the wandering experiences of a runaway boy, who, having gone to sea, visits some of those islands whose breezes are redolent of spices and perfume, and whose names are suggestive of wonderful things. Having seen New Zealand, Madagascar, Java, and Ceylon; having been for years a rover, sending home his daguerreotype to keep alive the curiosity of his boy friends and the love of his old father and mother—but they did not need it for that—the boy at last returns, loaded with stories, which he tells to his wondering friends, and which all other boys have now the chance to hear. Taking it up as a book for young persons only, we have become so absorbed in its accounts, that we have no doubt at all about commending it to all persons of all classes.

The Husband in Utah; or, Sights and Scenes among the Mormons, *by Austin N. Ward*. Edited *by Maria Ward*. New York: Derby & Jackson.

We are beginning to grow curious about our fellow-citizens in Utah. Mrs. Ward has heretofore published "Female Life among the Mormons;" and this book will explain some farther particulars of the peculiar institution of the Salt Lake people, from whom we most earnestly repeat the prayers for deliverance.

Reading without Tears; or, A Pleasant Mode of Learning to Read, by the author of "Peep of Day," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A delicious little book for little ones to learn to read. The arrangement of it is perfect, so as to carry the little scholar along from sound to sound, teaching, by practice, the value of each letter, and illustrated with beautiful cuts, so as to keep the child interested on every page. It is the best child's first book extant, and makes one wish to be a child again, for the sake of traveling more pleasantly up that steep and difficult path to words of four syllables, which in our days was not done without many tears. How these primers and spelling-books do make children of us!

Bangs, Brother, & Co., send us their catalogue of the sixty-fifth New York Trade-sale; to commence on the 31st inst. It contains 226 pages.

Doré has made its mark in England. The venerable old lady of the *Athenæum*, who never troubles herself about abuse of England unless the abuse is founded on fact, is pricked to the heart by the sharpness of the stroller, and abuses him soundly, with all the vocabulary of literary Billingsgate that the *Athenæum* is so distinguished for. Elsewhere, in the same paper, in an editorial notice of Lefevre's *Parliamentary Precedents*, the *Athenæum* relates, as derived "from a credible source" (what is a credible source in England—Ivan Golovin or Mr. Arrowsmith?) "this anecdote. 'Order, order!' cried the Speaker of the United States Senate, at the unguarded language of an excited debater. 'Order, Sir? H–ll, Sir!' was the answer of the unruly citizen." An American school-boy would be ashamed to talk of the *Speaker* of the English House of Lords; but it is fast getting to be evident that the general knowledge of the *Athenæum* is considerably below the average of an American school-boy.

This book of Hon. Charles S. Lefevre's *Decisions* is valuable, and will be needed in America. We hope to see it republished as a guide in Parliamentary questions.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day. By Edmund About. Translated by authority. 1 vol. 16mo, 75 cents.

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Sermons on the Divinity of Christ; delivered before the University of Cambridge. By Rev. C. C. French, D.D., Dean of Westminster. 1 vol. 12mo, 50 cents.

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DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

WASHINGTON MOVEMENTS.

RECEPTION OF LORD NAPIER.

On Monday, 15th, Lord Napier, the New British Minister, was introduced to the President by the Assistant Secretary of State. Lord Napier was in full court dress. On his presentation, he made a neat speech, even more cordial than such performances usually are. Among other things, he said that he was instructed to convey to him (the President) the earnest desire maintained by the Queen to preserve and advance on all occasions the interests and happiness of the people of England and America, which are so deeply involved in their amicable intercourse; and to manifest to him the hearty good wishes which her Majesty cherishes for the prosperity of the United States. He ventured to congratulate the President on his accession to the highest elective dignity in the country and the world, saying: "May you enjoy it in health, peace, and ever-increasing honor, and may the period of your government be distinguished by all the features of public welfare." The President replied with equal cordiality.

THE AMENDED DALLAS TREATY.

It is understood that the Cabinet has made some further alterations in the Dallas Treaty, and has engrossed it to be sent to England. It will leave on Wednesday, 25th, in the steamer from Boston. No doubts are entertained at Washington but that it will be acceptable to the British Government; though it would seem that it leans more toward the Monroe doctrine than the treaty passed by the Senate.

OTHER TREATIES.

The Forsyth treaty with Mexico having been sent back by the new Cabinet, it is understood that a new treaty, involving the actual cession of Mexican territory in exchange for dollars, will be shortly considered by the President. Various creditors of Mexico express a patriotic anxiety for the extension of United States territory in that direction.

The attempt to induce Lopez, the Dictator of Paraguay, to ratify the commercial treaty made three years ago with that State, having failed, chiefly in consequence of the ignorance of the gentleman who drew it on our part, the necessity for a new treaty is admitted on all hands. But from the temper of the Lopez Government, it is evident that it will be more difficult to frame one than is generally imagined. The language of the Paraguayan Secretary, Vasquez, in his correspondence with Colonel Fitzpatrick, who was sent to exchange ratifications, is any thing but conciliatory, and confirms the old impression that nothing but cannon-balls will tell on the Paraguayan mind.

We have likewise to report a failure of negotiations between the United States and New Granada. A rumor is current to the effect that Mr. Bowlin and Mr. Morse have demanded their passports, and started for home. This is not yet substantiated. But the opening address of the President of New Granada is conceived in so unconciliatory a tone, and the feelings of the New Granadians are so openly hostile to the people of this country, that a rupture of negotiations may be pretty confidently apprehended. Mr. Cass expects to flesh his maiden sword—as Premier—with New Granada.

Very important results are expected to flow from the new Persian treaty, negotiated by Mr. Spence, and the Persian Feruk Khan, at Constantinople, and recently ratified by the Senate. It confers upon the United States the privileges enjoyed by the most favored nations in all Persian ports. Hitherto, for want of a treaty, no trade has existed between the United States and Persia. A respectable commercial intercourse between the two countries may now be anticipated. Several millions' worth of British goods now find their way into Persia, chiefly via Beyrout, Trebizond, and Bushire. It is time we shared that market with John Bull, and bought what the Persians have to spare by way of return cargoes.

THE POLITICAL GUILLOTINE.

The business of the appointments proceeds slowly but steadily. The President is still overrun by office-seekers, and his health is not yet re-established from the sufferings they have inflicted on him. It seems to be understood that the general principle adopted in the North and West is removal after expiration of term of office; though it is said that four members of the Cabinet—to wit, Messrs. Cass, Cobb, Floyd, and Thompson, advocated the retention of all tried and faithful servants. But the principle suffers exception whenever the personal desire of the President, or a very strong recommendation from parties in influence, happens to be opposed to its application. Thus the hopes and fears of office-seekers are aroused to the highest pitch.

At the time of writing, the Pennsylvania, the Boston, the California appointments have been made, generally on the principle of rotation. For the Pennsylvania appointments it is understood that Mr. Buchanan is personally responsible, and that Colonel Forney's influence has been of small avail. At Boston, Collector Peaslee has been succeeded by Mr. Austin, and District Attorney Hallett, by Mr. Woodbury; but Marshal Freeman, whom the Burns case made famous, is retained, as also, it is believed, are the Naval Officer and Surveyor. It is expected that there will be a pretty clean sweep—except in the case of the Postmaster—in New York. In New Jersey and Illinois, the opinions of influential Senators have been adverse to the rotation principle; but some removals have already been made. In the South generally, functionaries who have deserved well of the Government will be retained. General Cass has retained, for the present, his assistant, General Thomas, who filled the office creditably under Mr. Marcy. Some of the other Bureau officials have placed their resignations in the President's hands, but have been requested to remain for the present.

Governor Geary has resigned his governorship of Kansas. In his farewell address he makes no reference to his reasons, but it is pretty generally understood that he was forced to the step by the hostility of the Legislature at Lecompton. He arrived in Washington on Saturday, 21st, which day was in part devoted by the Cabinet to a consideration of the affairs of Kansas. The Southern members are said to desire the appointment of a strong Southern man in Geary's place, and M'Mullen, of Virginia, is spoken of for the post.

The foreign appointments have not been reached, with the exception of the mission to Chili, which has been conferred on ex-Governor Bigler, of California. It seems to be understood that a foreign first-class mission is to be given to South Carolina; the candidates for it are Governor Aiken and Mr. Pickens. The latter refused a mission from Mr. Pierce. Both Mr. Dallas and Mr. Mason are expected home shortly, but no definite conjecture has been made with regard to their successors. Messrs. Lawrence of Rhode Island, Wright of Indiana, Slidell of Louisiana, and M'Clernand of Illinois, have been mentioned for good missions. Mr. Marcy does not go abroad.

GOSSIP, ETC.

The Reception at the White House, on Tuesday, was a great crush. Dashing liveries filled the court-yard, and the display of finery was gorgeous. A person who was present thus moralizes on the event:

"During the late administration, the President's house had assumed a sombre, melancholy aspect, in consequence of the heavy dispensations of Providence which had fallen on Mrs. Pierce. Her efforts to entertain were forced, and gave only pain to those who attended her receptions. Every thing seemed to partake of her own serious melancholy and mournful feelings, and every echo of the merry laugh had died from the halls. But Miss Lane has enticed that echo back, and again all is joy and gladness in the Executive mansion. The rarest hot-house plants were brought into requisition, and arranged around the rooms and alcoves; the heliotrope, violet, hyacinth, and roses, of the richest perfume, lent their sweetness to the atmosphere, and presented altogether a scene which an Eastern princess might envy. In addition to this was the merry, bewitching Miss Lane herself—in all the freshness of rural health, her cheeks vying with the rose she loved, and her large blue eyes beaming with amiability and gentleness. Her person is above the medium height, well proportioned. She is a blonde, with light hair, worn perfectly plain, and with a faultless complexion, 'blending the lily and the rose,' and pronounced, by common consent of both sexes, 'beautiful.' Although much accustomed to fashionable society, Miss Lane has evidently avoided the dissipations which are so common to Washington life."

Some good jokes are current in reference to the new Secretary of State and his assistant, both generals, it will be remembered. When somebody suggested to Colonel Benton the age of General Cass, as a possible difficulty in the way of his acceptance of appointment, he answered that "when a young man, he thought himself old enough for any office, and now that he was an old man, he thought himself young enough," concluding with an emphatic ejaculation which does not belong to history. It is already hinted that General Cass may shortly be expected to vacate his office.

The President's dinner parties have begun. At the first were assembled, ex-President Pierce, Vice-President Breckinridge, Mr. Appleton, editor of the *Union*, Governor Marcy, of the old Cabinet, and all the members of the new, and Senators Bigler, Douglas, Bright, Thomson, of New Jersey, and their wives, or rather such of them as are in Washington.

Mr. Pierce has been to Baltimore and Philadelphia, at which latter city Mrs. Pierce is obtaining medical advice.

Some of the members of the late Cabinet are being *fêted* on their retirement into private life. Mr. Marcy has declined a dinner at Baltimore. Mr. Cushing is to be received publicly at Newburyport. Mr. Guthrie has been *fêted* in Kentucky.

Secretary Brown has taken Mr. Fish's residence. Lord Napier has leased a house between Washington and Georgetown.

The Grand Jury have found a true bill of indictment against Colonel Lee for murder in the first degree, for killing Mr. Hume. Colonel Lee is now in jail.

ALBANY DOINGS.

The Legislature at Albany is busily engaged in passing the bill to reform the City Charter. This is one of the bills referred to editorially. It reduces the number of councilmen, abolishes various executive departments, alters the time of elections, etc., etc. It is understood that it will become a law. Petitions against it and the other city bills have been showered upon the Legislature.

The subject of Canal tolls is also under consideration; and it is proposed to lay tolls on freight carried on railways competing with the State Canals.

A curious bill has been introduced into the Assembly, and reported favorably, to organize the "American Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company." The corporators will be Erastus Corning, Rollin Sandford, Charles A. Stetson, John A. C. Gray, John E. Williams, Truman Smith, R. M. Blatchford, James M'Kay, William A. Hall, Edward W. Fisk, Henry Morgan, Palmer V. Kellogg, John S. Schoolcraft, Alexander R. Williams, and D. Randolph Martin.

It is understood that the object of the Company is to buy land in Virginia, and settle it with free laborers from the North. A purchase of Sussex County, Delaware, or a large portion thereof, is also rumored in some of the journals. The Capital of the Company is to be $2,000,000.

A Mr. Hanford has introduced a bill which he thinks a fitting remedy for the evils of intoxication. He simply proposes to require each man who desires to imbibe to take out a license to drink, which should be presented every time he went up to "smile." Mr. Hanford wisely exempted from the operations of the law "members of the Press," and "gentlemen of the white chokers."

Mr. Everett and Mr. Fillmore have both been at Albany, and have been lionized. The former paid a visit to the House. While there, being invited by the Speaker to a seat beside the chair, Messrs. Varnum and Woods were deputed to conduct the honored visitor to the seat. On the further invitation of Mr. Speaker, Mr. Everett addressed the House in a few short and well-chosen words. He said he had not entered with any expectation of addressing them, but that he should be ashamed if he were at any loss on such an occasion. He handsomely alluded to the greatness and prosperity of this State, and its early history, and ended by saying that he should ever regard this marked act of respect and courtesy as among the highest honors of his life. Mr. Everett was the guest of Governor King. He and Mr. Fillmore were serenaded by a full military band. They are fond of lions at Albany.

NEW JERSEY FIRING UP.

The New Jersey Legislature is furious at the prospect of their State being made the lazar-house of New York, as they term it. They have refused to appoint a committee to meet the New York Quarantine Commissioners, whom they heard at the Bar of the House with civil disdain; and they have passed an act declaring it a misdemeanor, punishable by $1000 fine to erect quarantine buildings on Sandy Hook, and directing the Sheriff of Monmouth and Middlesex to remove by force any vessels whose proximity to the Jersey shore might prove prejudicial to the health or safety of the inhabitants.

TROUBLES IN CALIFORNIA.

It appears that our California friends are not nearly through their troubles. Articles of impeachment have been presented against the State Treasurer, Mr. Bates, on the ground of defalcation, but that functionary resigned on the first introduction of the proceedings. It is said that upward of one hundred thousand dollars of the State funds are missing. Articles of impeachment have also been presented in the Legislature against the Comptroller of the State. Indeed, commercial failures, defalcations, and robberies are the order of the day. General Walker's agents are actively enlisting men in the interior.

The accounts from the mines are said to be good; but somehow, the specie shipments steadily decrease. Since New Year the deficit, as compared with the same period last year, is $1,823,896.

TERRIBLE STATE OF AFFAIRS AMONG THE MORMONS.

Affairs at Utah are rapidly reaching a climax, and unless the President soon dispatches a governor and adequate military force to the Territory, we shall hear startling news some day. Judge Drummond, of the United States Supreme Court in the Territory, writes: "The leading men of the church are more traitorous than ever. Only a few days since all the papers, records, dockets, and nine hundred volumes of the laws, were taken out of the Supreme Court Clerk's office and burned. And this is not the only instance of the kind. I say to you again, and through you to the President, it is impossible for us to enforce the laws in this Territory. Every man here holds his life at the will of Brigham Young; and here we are without protection. I am firmly of opinion that Babbitt was murdered by Mormons under direction of Brigham Young, and not by Indians. Murder is a common thing here; and Mormons can not be punished with a Mormon jury, witnesses, officers, and governor to pardon. It is too cruel, and must not be endured. A man, not member of the Church, is murdered, robbed, castrated, and imprisoned, solely for questioning the authority of the Church. Persons are now in the penitentiary, convicted before the Probate Judge, who are wholly innocent of any crime. Is there any other country where this abuse is or would be endured? Let all, then, take hold and crush out one of the most treasonable organizations in America."

PERILS OF LEGISLATION IN NEBRASKA.

The Legislature of Nebraska adjourned a few days since. The closing scenes of the Legislature were exciting. The Governor vetoed six bank charters, because it was alleged that they were corruptly passed. A crowd of the indignant people pursued the members charged with corruption into the office of the Territorial Secretary, to inflict personal chastisement. A member pulled out his revolver, and the Secretary drove the whole crowd into the street, when the members made their escape.

SORROWS OF A GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.

Governor Geary has been telling his story to an editor out in the West. He states the cause of his resignation to be the failure of ex-President Pierce to fulfill the pledges made at the time of his acceptance of the appointment. The promises of Mr. Pierce, he says, were to support him (Geary) with the United States army, the militia, and the treasury, if necessary; but instead of receiving this aid, either in men or money, from the President, he has paid $12,000 out of his own pocket, for the support of his administration; and with regard to military support, he has even been refused a detachment of two companies of cavalry, for which he applied under the most urgent circumstances, and received the haughty answer from the officer in command that the army of the United States was not employed to protect him. In addition, the Judiciary of the Territory, as well as the military of the government refused its support. Judge Lecompte thwarted him on all occasions, and having the means to execute his judicial decrees, was enabled to overrule him on every important measure.

THE DEATH OF SHERRARD.

Speaking of the insult offered him, which led to the death of Sherrard, the Governor gave a detailed account of the transaction, and the manner in which his (Geary's) assassination had been previously planned. His own firmness, however, prevented its execution. Sherrard, the Governor states, with three others, waylaid him in the hall of the Legislature. He discovered them, and knew their purpose; and when Sherrard spoke to him made no reply, but passed on, when Sherrard spat upon his back several times. As soon as these facts became known, a public meeting was held, composed principally of Pro-Slavery men, for the purpose of denouncing the act. It was at this meeting that Sherrard was shot. When the resolutions were read, Sherrard said that any person that indorsed them "was a liar, a coward, and scoundrel." Mr. Shepperd then arose, and stated that he indorsed them, and was neither a liar, scoundrel, nor coward. Sherrard then drew his revolver, and commenced shooting at Shepperd, who received three balls in his body. Mr. Shepperd then snapped a pistol at Sherrard, but it failing fire he rushed upon him and struck him with his weapon. They were separated, and Sherrard then drew another pistol and advanced upon Jones, whom he had previously insulted because he was a member of the Governor's household. Jones, perceiving his danger, drew a pistol in self-defense; a number of shots were fired at the same time, and Sherrard fell.

BETTER TO HAVE THREE WIVES THAN TWO.

At the pending term of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, a bill of indictment was found by the Grand Jury against John S. Sprague, for the crime of bigamy. The indictment charged that Sprague on the 11th of September, 1854, *being then and there an unmarried man*, was lawfully married to Emily M. Clark, and that afterward, on the 4th of December, 1855, his first wife being still living, he married Rhoda Sylvia Stewart, thereby committing the crime of bigamy.

On Thursday, Geo. F. Shepley, Esq., counsel for defendant, brought the matter before the court, and stated that the County Attorney was willing to admit, and that the defense could prove, that the alleged first marriage was not a legal one, Sprague at that time being a married man and having a wife living. In fact, that he had three wives, but as the indictment was based upon the legality of the second marriage, which was *not* legal, it must therefore fail. And further, if the government attempted to prove that the *first* wife was living when Sprague married the *third* one, he (Shepley) should object to such evidence as there was no such allegation in the indictment. This last position being sustained by the Court, the County Attorney entered a *nol pros*, and thus Sprague, who was charged with having *two* wives, got clear by having three.

BEWARE OF LADIES WITH MUFFS.

One of the jury, before whom Jackson was tried for rape in Brooklyn, last week, says that, one evening during the trial, while returning home in a wagon, he was accosted in the suburbs of the city by a person dressed in female apparel, who asked to ride, under the pretense that she had lost her way. The juryman thought the character before him a suspicious one, and declined to grant the favor. But the stranger was not to be thwarted in this way, and insisted upon riding, at the same time throwing a large muff into the wagon. The juryman purposely dropped his whip and asked the female to pick it up, and as she stooped to do so he started off his horse at full speed.

Upon arriving at his residence he examined the muff, and found it to contain *a brace of handsomely mounted pistols!*

OFFICE-SEEKERS TAKEN FOR PICKPOCKETS.

Mr. J. H. Hobart Ward, Commissary-General of the State, under Governor Clark, and ex-Judge Birdsall, of New York, were passengers by the express train from Albany to New York on Friday morning. Soon after the train started an individual missed his pocket-book. Judge B. and his friend happened to be standing near and were suspected. The conductor was notified and telegraphed—

"Pickpockets on the train; have police at Thirty-first Street to make arrest. Conductor."

The unconscious General and Judge arrived in New York, when some police officers invited them to step out and accompany them. They did so, thinking their escort might be a Committee of Arrangements on behalf of their friends for tendering them a reception; but their journey terminated at the station-house, where their accuser confronted them, charging them with picking pockets. They were indignant, but as they were known they escaped.

PRESENTIMENT OF MURDER.

Mrs. Knight, whose husband was recently convicted of her murder in Maine, left a letter dated August 29, 1856 (thirty-eight days before her death), and deposited with Mrs. Hannah Rice, to be opened by her daughter, Mrs. Harriet N. Jordan, after the writer's death, which reads as follows:

"I believe my husband wants to kill me. He has given me poison once since I have been sick, and one attempt with the razor. He came home last night, left his boots out doors, went up the back stairs, and down the front into the sitting room. I heard him in the dark, and told him the candle was in my room on the stand. He made me no answer. I spoke again. He came into the bed-room and said he did not want any; took his clothes off, and got into bed. This was nine in the evening. At twelve he woke me up shutting my bed-room door. I sprang up and lit a light and he got into bed. I did not see a razor in the bedroom. I saw it out of the case in the sitting-room. He got up before it was light and went out doors; and came back to bed, and got up in the morning and went out. When he came in, he put it on the shelf in the secretary, and went out to milk, and I got up and saw it. He said he took it out last night, and had not time to shave and put it in his pocket out of the case. I saw a bill of salt and fish he bought in Portland, dated July 1, on Commercial wharf. I think one name was Dana, eighteen and fifty-six. He did not let me know; I did not know the meaning till he gave me a dose one morning. I vomited it up froth and foam. Mary Knight."

A FATHER AND SON FROZEN TO DEATH.

Some ten days since Mr. James Kafton and his son, a child of six, went into the woods on Long Island to work. After laboring a few hours it is supposed that they set out for home, and losing their way, wandered wildly about, and finally, worn out with fatigue and despair, they lay down to rest and perished. Their absence from home created much alarm, and a search was organized by the neighbors which resulted in the discovery of the bodies of Mr. Kafton and his child, lying bareheaded, side by side in death. The deceased lived near Babylon, Long Island.

A DUEL BETWEEN TWO LADIES.

The fair sex are progressing in the West. The *Louisville Journal* says that a duel is on the tapis between two ladies in that city. A formal challenge is known to have passed between them, though the weapons and distance have not been named. As will readily be imagined a "gentleman" is at the bottom of the affair.

SUPPORTING OTHER MEN'S WIVES.

It is a bad thing to get divorced. The other day, at Louisville, Kentucky, a Mr. Ferguson separated from his wife, and she sued for alimony. A settlement was made, he agreeing to pay $500 a year during her life. Subsequently the parties were divorced, and neither party was restricted from marrying again—the husband relying upon the religious faith of his wife (she being a Catholic) to prevent her from taking another husband. She did marry, however, and Mr. Ferguson thereupon stopped the supplies. He didn't relish the idea of feeding and clothing another man's wife without deriving some little benefit from the outlay. A suit was brought to compel the payment of the $500 per annum, and it was decided in favor of the wife.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DEFEAT OF THE PALMERSTON MINISTRY.

After two days' debate on a motion of Mr. Cobden's condemning the proceedings of the British forces at Canton, the British House of Commons divided on the 3d inst., and ministers were left in a minority. The vote was,

For the motion	263
Against	247
Majority against ministers	16

Lord Palmerston had not resigned at last advices.

THE CLOSING DEBATE.

A spectator thus describes the closing debate: After some dull speeches, Mr. Roebuck made a speech against the Canton bombardment of a very characteristic nature, and the House began rapidly to fill. Mr. Gladstone soon followed, and the House of Commons perhaps never presented a more exciting scene than while the hon. gentleman proceeded to castigate the British proceedings in the Canton waters. Lord Derby and his brother peers filled the seats beneath the stranger's gallery; the seats reserved for the diplomatic corps were crowded by those who represent the various nations of the world; and the members' benches, both below and above, were entirely occupied. Mr. Gladstone made a fervid speech and an eloquent appeal, and when he resumed his seat he was followed by Lord Palmerston, who spoke with not less vigor, and amidst an excitement almost redoubled in intensity. Lord Palmerston did not conclude till 1¼ A.M., and Mr. Disraeli rose at that late hour, amidst considerable clamor for a division. Mr. Disraeli, however, proceeded to call attention, as he said, to the simple issue before the House, and he said he certainly regarded that issue to be a censure upon the Government. Mr. Disraeli only spoke for half an hour, and Mr. Cobden made some words of reply. This done, the division was taken at 2 o'clock, and the numbers were announced amidst great silence, followed by cheers and counter cheers, which produced a scene of extraordinary excitement for a British Parliament.

THE SCENE OUTSIDE.

The excitement within the walls of the House of Commons was, however, little in comparison to that witnessed in the lobbies and halls outside, or even what took place in the Palace Yard and Parliament Street. An anxious crowd had awaited the result of the division up till after 2 o'clock, and no sooner was it announced that Government was defeated than the words were taken up and shouted at the top of the human voice till they rang throughout Westminster Hall, and they were heralded in the same way in Palace Yard. A multitude thronged the path which the members take in leaving the House, and the joy that took hold of the people certainly appeared to be excessive. At all events it was unanimous, and plans were immediately devised to lay hold of Mr. Cobden and bear him off in triumph. Meanwhile, the members continued to pass on—the adherents of Ministers evidently endeavoring to evade the people because they gave them any thing but a courteous reception, while their opponents were cheered amidst frantic gestures. These cheers rose to a thunder-pitch as Mr. Gladstone appeared conducting a lady, and the cheering did not diminish before the presence of Lord John Russell, who in vain remonstrated against the excitement. Mr. Disraeli and Sir John Pakington also received enthusiastic outbursts, and these were followed by shouts and groans which intimated that the well-known faces of the Government whippers-in had been recognized.

PEACE WITH PERSIA.

A treaty of peace was signed on 3d March at Paris, between Lord Cowley on behalf of England, and Feruk Khan on that of Persia. The terms are not yet known, but it is understood that they do not materially differ from those mentioned in our last.

THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE RIGHT PLACE.

Sir J. F. Crampton, late British minister to the United States, has been appointed British minister to the King of Hanover.

WHAT IT COSTS TO BE A LIFE-GUARDSMAN.

The *United Service Gazette*, the organ of the British army, noticing the difficulty of obtaining officers for the "crack regiments," says: "We are aware that it is a very difficult thing to get young officers for the Royal Horse Guards Blue. Why is this? How comes it that there is so little ambition extant among the younger members of the aristocracy, seeing that the corps in question have not merely the privilege of protecting the person of the Sovereign, but are renowned for their heroism in deadly strife? The answer is, that there are very few purses that can bear the expense. Costume, equipment, the mess, horses (exclusive of hunters), the box at the Opera, private chambers, dogcarts, and the calls of society, absorb from £500 to £1000 per annum extra to the pay and allowances of the cornet. He must fall into the extravagances of the rest, or he won't do for the Household Cavalry. As long as young men—especially of noble families—were found with the means and inclination to enter the Life and Horse Guards, the ruinous and preposterous system went on. Expense of a frivolous and needless character seemed to be the proper accompaniment of the modern *Mousquetaires de la Reine*."

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR COAXES THE GREAT MEN.

It will be remembered that the Emperor quoted one of M. Thiers's books in his speech to the Chambers. It is said he sent the historian his own copy with the passage marked by way of a compliment. The day the speech was made, two intimate friends of the ex-Minister, a Senator and a diplomatist, went in the afternoon to relate the incident, and it appears that M. Thiers, like a true *homme d'esprit*, laughed heartily at the singular use that had been made of his thought.

The very next day M. Guizot, as President for the moment of the French Academy, was obliged to go to the Palace according to a standing rule of the Academy, to introduce to His Majesty M. Biot, the last member initiated. Between two gentlemen so accustomed to concealing their real feelings beneath a forced politeness, one would naturally look for a meeting without incident. But M. Guizot was stiff and almost haughty in his reserve, while Napoleon was as smiling and as amiable as if his great legitimist enemy was a thousand miles out of his sight.

THE EMPEROR'S BROTHER ON A BED OF THORNS.

Count de Morny will find himself on a bed of thorns on his return from Russia. A Parisian letter-writer says:

"It will be remembered that very much was said about Count de Morny's engagement with a Miss Hutton, the daughter of an American gentleman, of New York. Since the marriage of the Count with his fair princess great pains have been taken to disavow the fact of any engagement having existed on the Count's part with the beautiful young lady above mentioned. But that there was an engagement, that he led this very respectable family to suppose it was an honorable one, and that he availed himself of the confidence reposed in him by Miss Hutton and her friends so much as to haunt the *penetralia* of the family circle when and how he pleased—to keep off, by his own favored shadow, the approach of others who would have willingly done suit and service to have enjoyed his good fortune, is most true; and a very strong opinion prevails that the wily speculator, on his return to Paris, has a fair chance of being roughly handled by some of the young lady's friends. Indeed, it is generally asserted by her most intimate friends that, in full expectation of the completion of this recreant knight's vows, the *trousseau* had been purchased, and was of a magnificence suitable to the *parti* the young lady was supposed to be about to make—diamonds, laces, furs, India shawls, caskets," etc.

THE OTHER CHARMER REFUSES FIVE MILLIONS.

There is, however, another Richmond in the field in the shape of Madame Lebon, so long the protectress of this Lothario Frenchman. The little American business gives the Count no embarrassment; any body who is fool enough to believe a Frenchman in love matters, he says, must naturally bide the consequences; but with Madame Lebon it was a *liaison* of no ordinary character, and the lady—whose money constituted the basis of many of the Count's most successful speculations, and who has a *bona fide* interest in them still—has something more to say than a maudlin tale of woman's wrongs. Already an offer has been made her of five million francs if she will sign a receipt in full, give up certain damning papers, and hold her tongue. Her reply is, that the moment a report reached her of his intended marriage, her papers were conveyed to a place of security, far away from the influence of any *Chef de Police*, and that, in point of money, she has already refused a like sum for their publication. If she is to be appeased a much higher figure than this must be paid.

PROGRESS OF THE NEW DANCE.

The *Charivari*, in allusion to the favor which the Lancer Quadrille has obtained in Paris, gives a caricature which represents two decrepit old women, bearing the names of Polka and Redowa, entering the Hospice des Vieux Menages, and a by-stander remarking: "They have become dreadfully old and infirm since the importation of the Lancers."

THE FRENCH TELEGRAPHIC OPERATORS WAKING UP.

The French, who are so great upon theories, are slow in practice. But they are waking up. The Emperor's speech, 1600 words long, was transmitted to Rouen, sixty miles from Paris, in two hours, and to London in three hours. This is the fastest telegraphic performance on record in France.

NEW STYLE OF GAMBLING IN PARIS.

Gambling is more the rage than ever at Paris. The ball-rooms are deserted; the polka, the waltz, and even the fashionable novelty, the quadrille styled *Les Lanciers*, have lost all attractions for the Parisian youth, and when forced, by the exigencies of society, to appear in the few remaining well-regulated hotels of the capital, inconsolable for the privation of their dear lansquenet, they have organized among themselves a little game of *rouge et noire*, which consists of betting on the color of the waistcoats and cravats of the guests who are about entering the *salon*. "Six Louis for the first waistcoat," whispers one, "I bet that it will be white." "Done," in a low tone answers another beau, "I bet on the black;" and thus this gaming is carried on upon cravats, coats, orders, dresses, and even upon the color of the mustache. One youth, whose unfortunate parents thought him safe from contagion in a ball-room of the Faubourg St. Honore, from whence cards are banished, lost, a few nights since, a hundred Louis on brown mustaches, having against him a series of fifteen blonde beards, which made their appearance in succession. This modest little pastime is styled *Lansquenet a poil*.

A ROBBER BEAUTIFULLY CAUGHT.

A woman employed as housekeeper at the chateau of Ludon, near Bordeaux, recently inherited a sum of 800 francs. A peasant employed to take care of the grounds of the chateau, hearing of her good fortune, determined to possess himself of the money. Accordingly, a few months ago, the owner of the chateau and all the servants being absent, he got the woman on some pretext to visit him at a room which he occupied in one of the dependencies of the chateau. After a while he locked the door, and with the most dreadful threats declared that he would murder her unless she at once gave him the 800 francs. The woman, being seriously alarmed, took him to her chamber, and gave him the money. The man then declared that he must murder her to prevent her from accusing him; and he commanded her to say what kind of death she would prefer. The poor woman prayed for mercy, but he peremptorily told her that she must either die by the rope or by the knife, and she at last selected hanging. The man then tied her hands behind her back, and fastened her to the bedstead. He afterward mounted on a chair to fix a rope to a beam, and made a running noose at the end of it. Having duly fastened the rope, he put his arm into the noose to see if the latter would slip well; at that moment the woman, with great presence of mind, gave a violent kick to the chair, which fell, and the man remained suspended by the arm. He roared for help, and the woman cried out "Murder;" but there was no one but themselves in the chateau or its dependencies, and they were not heard. They accordingly remained in their respective positions, the man suffering dreadful agony, until morning, when their cries attracted the attention of the laborers. These men, on hearing the woman's story, released her, but left the man suspended until they could summon a magistrate. The functionary had the man cut down, and after receiving the woman's deposition, caused him to be sent to prison to await his trial for the robbery.

A CREDITOR LOCKED UP IN A MADHOUSE.

A very elegantly dressed lady a few days ago entered one of the most fashionable shops of Toulouse, in quest of articles indispensable for the toilette of a lady *a la mode*. A rich carriage waited at the door, and every thing about the lady was calculated to inspire the greatest confidence.

The shopping was soon done and the bill presented. "It is well," said the lady, "send one of your clerks with me; he shall be paid, and the carriage shall bring him back."

A clerk is soon ready; the carriage moves on, and after a short ride, stops beside a large building. The door is opened, and the lady and the clerk enter a parlor. After a few minutes' delay, a gentleman of very respectable appearance enters, and receives them cordially.

"Take charge of Monsieur—I will soon return," says the lady, and leaves. In two minutes the noise of carriage-wheels is heard.

The young man, thus left alone with the gentleman, becomes impatient, and exclaims, "Pay me, if you please," "For what?" "For the shawls and dresses, you know." "Be not so hasty, my young friend; I'll answer—" "For what?" "For your convalescence—calm yourself."

The clerk thought that he was speaking to the lady's brother, when, in reality, he was addressing Dr. D——, a celebrated physician of lunatics. The lady had paid the doctor a visit shortly before making her bargain, and had consulted him and solicited his aid in favor of her young brother, who was mentally deranged. She had given him a full account of the mania of her brother, who, she told him, believed himself to be the clerk of some merchant, and would continually demand money for shawls and dresses, which he had sold on account of his employer. Dr. D——, believing that he was with a lunatic, treats him as such. The clerk asks for his money; the doctor offers him a room. At last the young man works himself into a passion, and screams most fearfully. This confirms the doctor's suspicions, and he is contemplating treating his patient to shower-baths, when the clerk demands paper and ink, proposing to write to his employer.

The doctor agrees, thinking to discover some new symptoms. The letter is written and dispatched; half an hour afterward the merchant arrives, and an explanation ensues.

The success of the plot was complete. The beautiful lady could not be found.

PRUSSIA.

THE NEUFCHATEL QUESTION.

This matter has not yet been settled. The Swiss are preparing to resist overt attempts of the King of Prussia. In Paris, a very bad feeling toward Prussia is beginning to exist: people seem to think the King has played them a trick.

SPAIN.

PROSPECT OF WAR BETWEEN SPAIN AND MEXICO.

The Spanish minister of foreign affairs has addressed the following note to the Spanish ministers abroad:

"Having been informed of robberies and assassinations committed in the Mexican Republic on the persons and property of Spanish subjects by the soldiers of General Alvarez, the chief of that republic, the impression which such an odious attack has produced on the government of her majesty is the more profound, as it had manifested a desire to lend itself to a pacific solution of previous differences which prevent the accomplishment of the treaty of the 12th November, 1853, concluded between Spain and the said republic, and relative to the payment of the debt admitted by the Mexican government as due to Spanish subjects. Without having any idea of wishing to render the Mexican people or its government jointly responsible, we remain in the expectation that Mexico would use its greatest efforts to wash out the stain which would sully the Mexican republic in the eyes of civilized nations if she allowed such crimes to pass unpunished, either because the Mexican government could not or would not chastise the guilty parties. The legation of the Queen at Mexico has received the most precise orders to demand from the government of the republic the immediate chastisement of the criminals and an indemnity for the injury caused to its subjects, with a formal injunction to quit the Mexican territory in case prompt justice were not done. In anticipation of the eventuality of the Mexican government not being able to assure an effectual protection to Spanish subjects, the government of her Catholic Majesty has ordered the departure of some vessels of war from Havana with troops on board, with a view to give the necessary protection to the legation, and at the same time to the lives and property of Spaniards, should they be menaced. Orders have also been given for five vessels of war to proceed from Spain to reinforce the squadron of Cuba with a further body of troops. In this manner Spain will have thirty vessels of war, and a numerous and disciplined army, to watch over, if necessary, the defense of the honor and interests of the nation. The Government of her Majesty would deplore that such things should happen, principally because it concerns a nation with which Spain is united by bonds of origin, language, and religion; but no one, under similar circumstances, could misunderstand either the justice of our cause, or the necessity under which Spain is placed to avenge her dignity and her rights."

RUSSIA.

CONCESSION OF THE RUSSIAN RAILWAYS.

The concession of the Russian Railways by the Emperor to the company headed by the bankers Stieglitz of St. Petersburg was signed on 26th January last. The Emperor says: "According to the terms of the concession, the company engages to construct, at its own risk and expense, within the term of ten years, and to keep up afterward for eighty-five years, a network of railway of 4000 versts, under the sole guarantee of the Government of five per cent. on the capital laid out in the construction, and with the clause that on the expiration of the said term the whole of the lines shall become gratuitously the property of the State. This network will extend from St. Petersburg to Warsaw and to the Prussian frontier, from Moscow to Nijni-Novgorod, from Moscow by Koursk and the region of the Lower Danube to Theodosia, and from Koursk or Orel by Dunaborg to Libau. Thus, by means of a continuous line of rail through twenty-six governments, there will be connected three capitals, our principal navigable rivers, the central points of our agricultural produce, and two ports accessible nearly all the year round on the Black and Baltic Seas; exportation will be facilitated, and transport and the supply of provisions at home assured."

The statutes consist of 51 articles. The 7th article fixes the capital at 275,000,000 of silver-rubles, consisting of shares of 125 silver rubles. The first issue of shares is to be 600,000, as follows:

	Shares.
Stieglitz & Co., at St. Petersburg and Warsaw	225,000
Baring, Brothers, London	170,000
Thomas Baring (for Hope & Co., Amsterdam)	70,000
Pereire & Thurneyssen (for Mendelssohn, at Berlin)	10,000
Hottinguer & Co.	25,000
J. Pereire & Thurneyssen, as well in their own personal names as for MM. Emile Pereire, B. L. Fould, and Fould, Oppenheim, Mallet, Brothers, & Co., Baron Seillière, J. J. de Uribarren & Co., Des Arts and Mussard & Co., A. d'Eichthal, F. Grieninger, and Casimir Salvador	100,000
Total	600,000

CHINA.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

By the overland mail official dispatches have been received from Sir John Bowring and Sir Michael Seymour to January 5. They give accounts of the attempt made to retake Teatotum Fort, and of an attack upon the British shipping by a vast number of Chinese junks. The attack, which was well concerted, being made at low water when the large men-of-war could not safely manœuvre, was brilliantly repelled. Sir Michael Seymour had thought it wise to abandon his post at the Dutch Folly and the Factory Gardens, and had strengthened his positions at forts lower down the river. Five hundred men were expected at Singapore. The details of the massacre of the Europeans on board the *Thistle* are also communicated in these dispatches. It appears that the *Thistle* left Canton on her passage to Hong Kong. The Chinese passengers were searched to ascertain that they had no arms, and this point being settled, the vessel started. Presently seventeen Chinese obtained knives from a woman who had secreted them under her clothes, and who, it seems, had not been efficiently searched. With these they fell on the eleven unarmed Europeans, one of whom was the Spanish Vice-Consul, and murdered them all. Then running the vessel into a creek they set fire to her, and carried the heads of their victims on shore, leaving the bodies to be burned. These seventeen Chinese were soldiers in disguise, and wore their uniforms under the garments they had assumed to gain admission to the vessel. It is believed that the authorities connived at their design, and will give them the full price for the heads. The *Thistle* being an iron boat was not destroyed. Her hull was found next day with the eleven charred bodies decapitated—a melancholy evidence of their horrid fate. On the 12th of January the whole of the suburbs west of Canton were burned by the British forces. In this service a party of the 59th regiment missed their way, and getting under the city wall were assailed with stones and matchlocks, losing two men killed, eleven severely wounded, and ten slightly wounded. A large fire had also taken place inside the city. The mandarins have issued in various districts the most bloodthirsty edicts against the English, and have offered large rewards to those who may succeed in assassination or incendiarism in Hong Kong.

At latest accounts, the bombardment and conflagration of Canton has excited the Chinese to a general movement against all Europeans; and the Chinese populace are beginning to show a courage quite unwonted, and from which danger is apprehended.

The movement is not confined to China alone, but had become visible at Singapore. The English and German residents of Singapore have been obliged to arm themselves against attacks in the streets from the infuriated Chinese, who are joined by the Malays.

NICARAGUA.

The news from Nicaragua is full and interesting.

WALKER'S MOVEMENTS.

General Walker is still fortified in Rivas, where his force amounts to six hundred effective men. He has attacked San Jorge twice since our last dates. The first attack was made before daybreak of the 4th instant—the day after his return from San Juan del Sur. He led his men in person—about two hundred, composed of the first and second rifles, and the rangers. He meant to surprise the place, and took no cannon with him. But his plans were entirely frustrated by the mutinous conduct of the men. The Costa Rican garrison outnumbered his force probably ten to one; but there is little doubt he would have taken the place had his men behaved well, for they found the enemy entirely off their guard. The streets of San Jorge were empty, the garrison in the plaza asleep; but when they came within shot of the barricades the men refused to advance further. Neither curses nor threats had any effect upon them. A few finally volunteered to storm the place, and, advancing with General Walker to the barricades, fired over them. They were afterward supported by Captain Higley's company; but it was of no use. The garrison was by this time aroused, and under a heavy fire of musketry and cannon Walker was obliged to draw off his men and return to Rivas. Two of his officers—Colonel O'Neil and Captain Blackburn—received wounds, of which they died in a few days. It was learned that Jerez received a wound in the face; but the loss sustained by the garrison is not known. On the morning of the 7th, General Walker marched with three field-pieces to San Jorge, and cannonaded the place at six hundred yards distance for several hours, and then retired to Rivas.

COLONEL LOCKRIDGE'S MOVEMENT ON CASTILLO.

On the day after the taking of Serapiqui, Colonel Lockridge moved up the river toward Castillo in the *Rescue*, leaving, however, a sufficient force at Serapiqui under Colonel Anderson, to garrison that place. Castillo, about forty miles above Serapiqui, is the next point in the possession of the Costa Ricans. It was a small settlement on the right bank of the river opposite the rapids, where there was a portage when the Transit route was in use.

Lockridge landed a detachment of one hundred and fifty men under Colonel Titus, a mile below Castillo, with orders to march round through the woods and enter it on the other side, while he went up to cannonade it from the river with his remaining force. When Lockridge came in sight of the place, he found the village, which is below the fort, in flames, and also two of the river steamers which were lying there. He without any delay boarded the *J. N. Scott* under a hailstorm of balls from the fort, put out the fire, cut her adrift, and floated her down out of the range of the fort. The other, the *Machuca*, was entirely on fire, and no attempt was made to save her. The *Scott* had a large hole burned through her deck, where the fire was set, and her light work was riddled with balls. One of the valves of the boiler had been removed, but there was no damage done which three days could not repair. Notwithstanding the heavy volleys of musketry which they received while cutting the boat adrift, Lockridge's loss was quite inconsiderable, amounting to four or five privates killed and one inferior officer. Colonel Titus found the village in ruins when he arrived. He sent in a flag to the fort, demanding an instant surrender—having previously ascertained by some means that the Costa Rican garrison numbered only twenty-five men. Mora, in his confidence in the security of his outpost at Serapiqui, had withdrawn most of the men from Castillo for other service. The flag returned with a conditional promise of surrender—a proposition for an armistice for twenty-four hours, after which, if the garrison should receive no reinforcements, he would deliver up the place and surrender the men as prisoners of war. Strange to say, this proposition was agreed to by Titus, and his men rested on their arms, while the Costa Ricans had free communication with the river above the rapids, and by that means with Fort San Carlos.

COLONEL TITUS THINKS DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.

Before the armistice had expired, one of the men came running in with word that the Costa Ricans were coming in force. No sooner had they appeared in sight than Titus gave the order to retire, and set the example. From retiring in order they broke into a full run. The men who would have faced the enemy without flinching were turned to the right-about by the cowardice of their leader; and their heads once turned to flight, terror naturally soon possessed them, until they were in one universal stampede, which did not cease until they were in the woods, full three miles from Castillo. They were received on board the *Rescue*, and the whole force was landed on Carlos Island, several miles below Castillo Rapids. Here they have fortified themselves and still remain, waiting for reinforcements. It is understood that Colonel Titus's resignation has been accepted by Colonel Lockridge.

WHAT THE COSTA RICANS THINK.

The following letter from the Costa Rican Commander-in-chief has been intercepted by Colonel Lockridge, and published:

FORT SAN CARLOS, *Feb.* 8, 1857.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY SR. DON JUAN RAFAEL MORA.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 26th ult. Respecting the state of the war, I refer to my official note. Don't think of sending Spencer on any war commissions, as he has not too much knowledge of military tactics, nor does he know how to manage our soldiers. Occupy him in urging on the house of Vanderbilt to help us with their influence and the materials of war. It would not be bad to send us ten or twelve twelve-pounders, even if they were only iron ones. Send me, by way of Tortuga, six or eight hundred picked men as soon as possible, and their corresponding ammunition. Don't talk to me about the crop in this crisis, until we have finished Walker. These prejudices are the reason that the war has been prolonged till now. The posts on the river are too important and exposed to be garrisoned by men from Liberia, nor can we reduce their number. Your affectionate brother,

JOSÉ J. MORA.

SIR ROBERT M'CLURE AMONG THE FILIBUSTERS.

At 6 o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1857, the First Lieutenant of the British man-of-war *Esk*, Sir Robert M'Clure, Commanding, went on board the Nicaraguan schooner-of-war *Granada*, Capt. C. J. Fayssoux, when the following conversation took place between him and the Captain:

LIEUTENANT DAWKINS. "Sir Robert M'Clure has sent me on board your vessel, and wishes to know by what authority you fly a flag that is not known to any nation—and also where your commission is; and orders me to take you on board H. M. S. *Esk*, to show your commission to Sir Robert M'Clure."

CAPTAIN FAYSSOUX. "I have my commission below in the cabin, but will not go on board the *Esk* to show it. I am in the service of the Nicaraguan Government, and fly the flag of that Government. If you can compel me to show my commission and papers, I will do so on the deck of my own vessel, under protest, but it is beneath my dignity to go on board your vessel with them, and I will do so under no circumstances."

LIEUTENANT DAWKINS. "I will tell Sir Robert what you have said, and warn you, if you attempt to go out of the harbor in the night, I will sink you."

CAPTAIN FAYSSOUX. "Should I have occasion, or my duty call me outside, I'll do so, regardless of your threats."

LIEUTENANT DAWKINS. "But my guns are shotted and loaded with shell, and we will blow you up. I shall go on board the *St. Mary's*, and tell the officer that if they hear any firing during the night not to be alarmed. It will be nothing only our sinking the schooner."

CAPTAIN FAYSSOUX. "Can't help that, Sir."

Lieutenant Dawkins then proceeded on board the *Esk*. After some further negotiation, Lieutenant Dawkins softened down considerably.

LIEUTENANT DAWKINS. "Will you come on board the *Esk* with me, as a friend, with your commission? You can see the Captain, who says he will be glad to see you on board, and will be happy to make your acquaintance. Get into my boat, now, as a friend, and come along with me."

CAPTAIN FAYSSOUX. "I will be happy to go on board with you as a friend, but not with my commission."

LIEUTENANT DAWKINS. "Well, get into my boat now, and go off with me as a friend."

CAPTAIN FAYSSOUX. "I will be on board in my own boat in a few minutes."

The Captain went on board and had a very pleasant time.

SIR ROBERT M'CLURE SNUBBED BY GENERAL WALKER.

A few days afterward, Sir Robert visited Walker at Rivas.

When he entered the room the General was seated with his back to the door. He turned half round to see who his visitor was. Sir Robert said:

"Being so near you, General, I thought I would come up and see you."

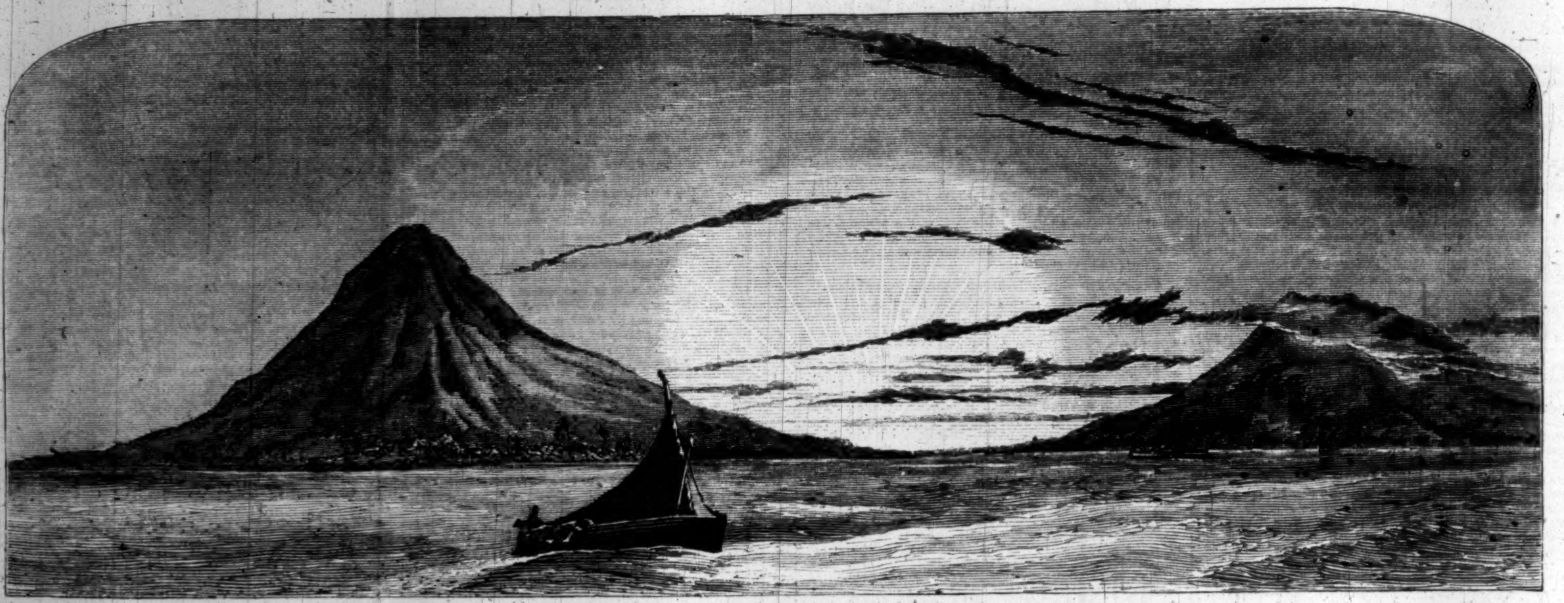
General Walker did not rise, nor did he ask Sir Robert to take a seat; but in his peculiar, measured tone of voice said—

"Yes! I hope you have come to apologize for that affair of the schooner."

This reception rather astonished Sir Robert, and he made no reply.

After a long pause the General said, "Your conduct, Sir, to Captain Fayssoux was unbecoming an Englishman and a British officer. I shall make such a representation of it to your government as will cause an investigation and insure an explanation." Whereupon Sir Robert expressed his sincere regret for the occurrence, assuring the General that no offense was intended, and that he had no intention to insult. After having made such explanations as were deemed satisfactory to the General, he was asked to take a chair, and the conversation turned upon the present state of affairs in Central America. The General gave him permission to take away any British subjects that were on the isthmus who did not belong to the army.

A RANGER'S LIFE IN NICARAGUA.



EXTINCT VOLCANO OF OMETEPÉ.—SUNRISE.

THE HOSPITAL COLONY AT OMETEPÉ.

I HAD no leisure nor inclination to keep a journal, or to make notes of what I saw and heard, during the last few months of my stay in Nicaragua. As I had resolved to escape at all hazards, it was necessary to write nothing that might be suspected and examined. Many who were at pains to display their enthusiasm for "the cause," were secretly planning escape or resignation, and were, of course, jealous and vigilant spies upon the conduct of others.

EVACUATION OF GRANADA.

A few days before the burning of Granada, I had gone up to that city on the lake steamer, and in conversation with my friend Greer, Walker's chief of police, received intimations which imposed the utmost caution. To hint at the possible failure of "the enterprise," or to doubt the infallibility of the commander, was to lay yourself open to persecution. As I had never been at Naples or St. Petersburg, the situation was novel. How free-born Americans might be compelled to act under a despotism of their own making, had never occurred to me. There was the same want of mutual confidence, the same effort to appear satisfied with the existing order of things, and, in general, the same anxious desire to escape into a condition of greater security and freedom, that we read of under other despotisms.

I have forgotten the date of the day when the remains of the gallant rifle battalion came into Granada from their second defeat at Massaya. It was in November, 1856. They were repulsed—only three hundred of them—by an immensely superior force of Nicaraguans, and after a heavy loss, came quietly back to Granada,

"The weary to rest, and the wounded to die."

The lazarettos were filled with sick and dying; provisions growing daily scarcer, and the soldiers hardly able to get enough coarse beef to stay the cravings of hunger. The hospital attendants were ill, or withdrawn for military service, and Dr. Brinkerhoff informed me that deaths were in number from ten to fifteen a day; a rate of mortality which in two months would have destroyed the army.

It was believed that the Central American allied force at Massaya, fifteen hundred strong, would follow up their advantage, and make a second attack upon Granada. The order was given to remove the sick and wounded on board the steamer. The remnant of the rifles were to remain in Granada with a number of citizens, the pioneer corps, and the ordnance. Walker had resolved to evacuate the city; the end was coming; the officers looked at each other—smiled a little—dropped a few significant words, or turned away with a jest.

THE VOYAGE OF THE PATIENTS.

That evening I went down to the pier and found the two decks of the Lake steamer, and the floor of her saloon, covered with hospital patients. Some had been brought down in carts; others had walked the entire distance, one and a half mile, from the city to the pier, under the great heat of the sun of Granada. There could not have been less than two hundred, sick and convalescent, and of these latter many were dying from want of food. The suffocating odor drove us up to the hurricane deck, where we passed the night; those only who had blankets having any protection from the night wind. At this time beds or pillows were remembered only as a superfluous luxury.

Virgin Bay is about eighty miles distant from Granada, southeasterly, on the lake shore, opposite the southern promontory of the great islands of Ometepé and Madeira. Nine miles up from Virgin Bay, toward Granada, you arrive at the village of St. George, on the lake. Rivas is two and a half miles inland, west from St. George. Henningsen had advised the occupation of Rivas—a small city composed of adobe houses with very thick walls—as a permanent fortress. Three principal paths or trails, diverging southward from Rivas, like the sticks of a fan, terminate in the Nicaraguan Transit Road, which gives this city an undisputed command over the Transit. The road from Granada enters Rivas by the way of the great village of Obraje, on the north side; and on the east side communication is open to the lake.

The Transit road is only twelve miles in length, extending from Virgin Bay on the lake, to San Juan del Sur on the Pacific. At one point, five miles from the Pacific, it winds through gorges in the mountains where a small force can make a stand against a great number. It is crossed at three different points by the trails from Costa Rica. The roads and trails are the only open ways, the entire Isthmus being covered with dense forests, or underwood, close, thorny, and impenetrable for troops.

By striving with a force that never at any time exceeded a thousand *disposable* troops to grasp a territory equal in surface to the State of Massachusetts, in which there were four defensible cities, viz., Rivas, Granada, Massaya, and Leon, Walker had exhausted the strength and ruined the prestige of his army; but in conjunction with this diffuse and feeble system of tactics, he had neglected to maintain relations of justice and friendship with the native proprietors, the wealthy and influential classes of Rivas and Granada. For several months the owners of the confiscated estates had been organizing, in compact with all the States of Central America, to annihilate the Americans; and yet we saw no change in Walker's policy, no effort to make friends, and the same blind and foolish confidence that is the invariable cause of disaster and overthrow.

After receiving some additions to her freight of sick and wounded at Virgin Bay, the steamer moved over to the Island of Ometepé. It was intended to establish a hospital on the island, to be in daily communication with Rivas, after that place should be retaken. The population of the island was variously estimated from one thousand to fifteen hundred, who had not always exhibited a friendly feeling toward the Americans. A lady (one of our own countrywomen), whose name I can not now remember, had resided fifteen years upon her estate on this island; and the so-called Governor, Charles Myers, a wood-contractor for the steamers, has been many years a resident there.

VIEW OF OMETEPÉ.

On our way to Ometepé, I was requested by Walker's managing man, an Irishman named Rogers, to aid in the landing of the patients, and their maintenance on the island. Here, then, were two hundred sick and wounded men to be landed and fed, and it was proper to assist one's own countrymen, whenever they might need it, with or without commission.

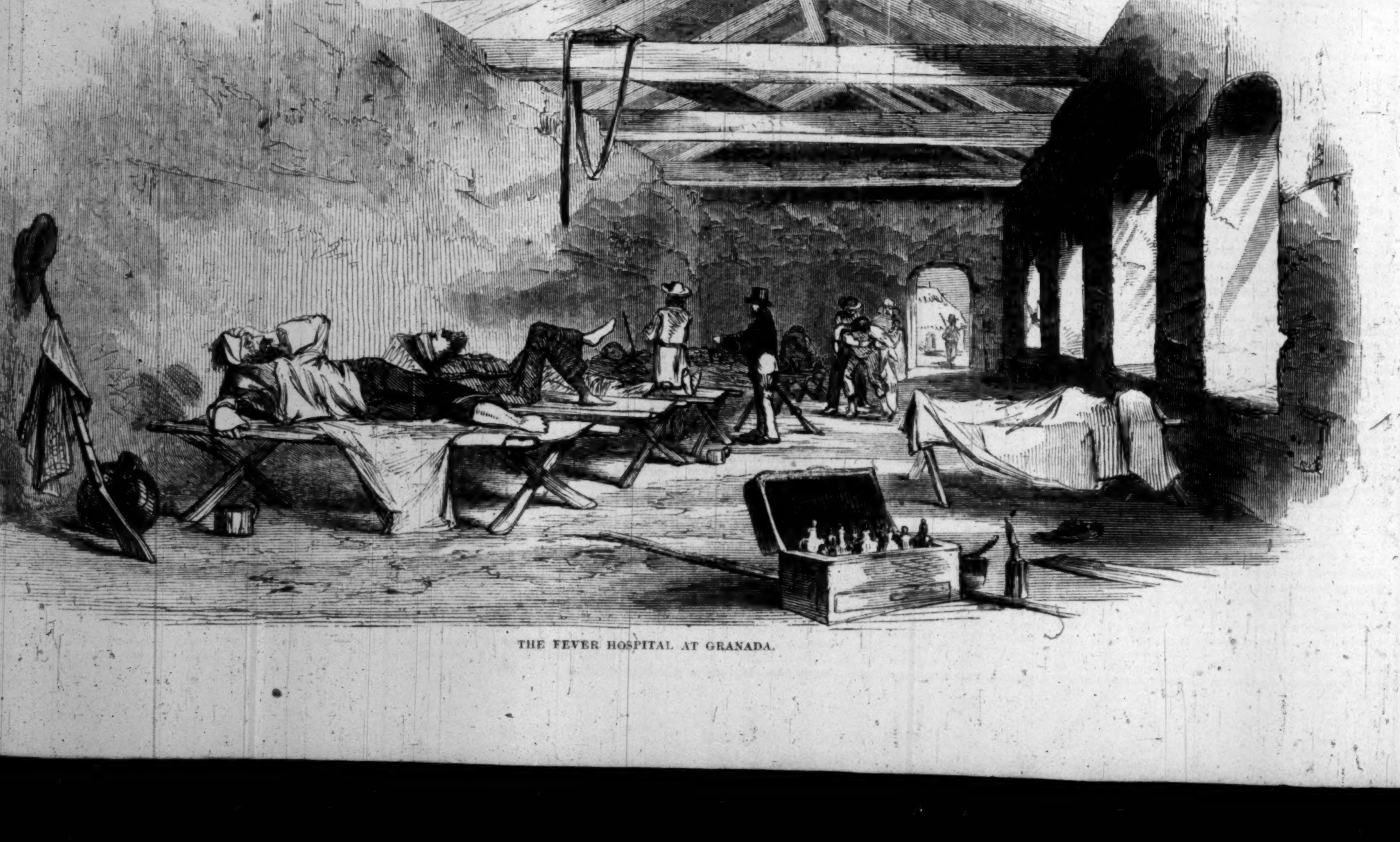
The Island of Ometepé appears to be about twenty miles in length, and perhaps fifteen in width. On the north side is a village of six or eight hundred inhabitants. Muigalpa—to which we went—on the west side, has but two or three hundred. The lake is thirteen miles in width between the island and the isthmus. St. George and Muigalpa look at each other across this interval.

About two hours before sunset we had a view of the island, which exceeds all possibilities of description, nor have I ever seen a picture that would give a good impression of it, so pure and brilliant was the coloring. The surface of the lake was glassy smooth. Toward the west and southwest lay the low hills of the isthmus in purple shadows. A white point indicated the position of the Company's houses at Virgin Bay, fifteen miles southwest. Northwestward, the remote hills of Chontales, and the high-peaked and wooded island of Zapatero, purchased of Walker by General Cazeneau. Before us lay the shores of Ometepé. These shores, deeply forested to the water's edge, rose gradually inland, becoming less and less wooded for a distance of six or eight miles, sweeping circularly around, with the softest transitions of verdure, up to the sloping base of the great peak of the volcanic mountain of Ometepé, which rose clear, velvet-soft, and silent, into the heavens. The shape of this mountain is a perfect cone, and I suppose the most beautiful in the world. Streams of pale green foliage, beginning at the apex of the cone, seem to flow down, branching and enlarging, to the forested base. These are old lava streams covered with grass.

The rays of the declining sun, sent across the lake from the hills of Rivas, threw a vail of resplendent gold over the cone of the volcano, and deepened the shadows of the island forest to the color of solid indigo. Tropical foliage is so many times deeper, richer, and softer than that of the North, it is idle to attempt a description of it to Northern readers. The site of the village, buried in foliage, was marked, as usual, by a number of tall cocoa palms rising above the forest.

THE LANDING.

As soon as the steamer had dropped her anchor opposite Muigalpa, we hauled the iron launch alongside, under the after-gangway. It was long and wide enough to give room for fifty men, lying and standing. The descent from the deck of the steamer to the bottom of the launch may have been eight feet. The sufferings of the wounded and dying, as they were passed down from the deck of the steamer to the floor of the launch, were truly terrible, although we handled them with extreme care. Some screamed with agony, others groaned and cursed, but the majority bore themselves with manly fortitude, and endured in silence. Doctor Brinkerhoff, a pioneer California surgeon, was suffering under a sharp attack of fever, against which he bore up stoutly, while providing as he best could for the safety of his patients. Those who had been compelled to walk from the city of Granada to the landing were in very bad condition, and had lain, after that, twenty-four hours on deck, exposed to the weather and without food. Three



THE FEVER HOSPITAL AT GRANADA.

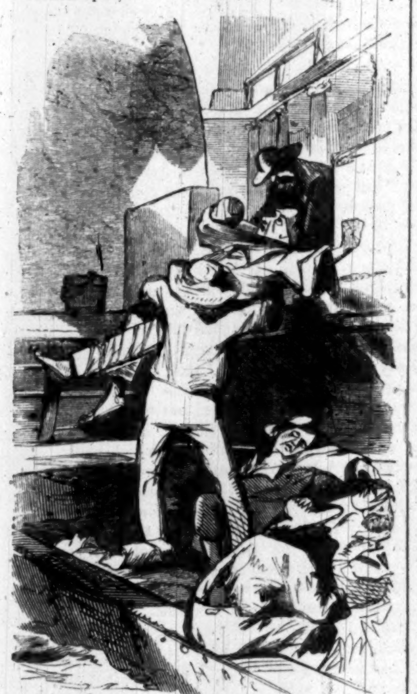
or four were already dead, and some twenty others began to show the *facies Hippocratica*—the physiognomy of the dying. Two barrels of hard biscuit, through the prudence of Doctor Brinkerhoff, had been brought down from the hospital; but it was only healthy men who could use this dry food. Many assured me they had eaten nothing for several days; they were evidently starving. The out-patients were in no better condition, the native women, cooks, waiters, and domestics, having deserted Granada, and the Americans able to bear arms engaged in garrison duty.

An order had been given to the sick as they left Granada, to take each man his rifle or musket. It was painful enough to see these feeble, emaciated men, dragging each a heavy musket, which few of them were able to use. The few who carried rifles were physically better men, and showed more character and spirit than the others. Riflemen and rangers were the aristocracy of the volunteers, and held themselves superior.

THE VILLAGE.

The launch was drawn ashore by a hawser, and the men lifted out and laid upon the beach. These were taken up and carried or helped along to the village of Muigalpa, a quarter of a mile inland. This village may contain between seventy and a hundred huts, of mud and reed; arranged, as usual, on streets intersecting at right angles. The huts are buried in groves of orange, mango, and other fruit-trees, giving an appearance of comfort and luxury in strange contrast with the destitute and wretched condition of those who sought shelter there.

The natives—men, women, and children—left the village at the first news of our coming. The sick and wounded were placed in the deserted houses or under cattle sheds along the roadside. Five trips of the launch relieved the steamer, and last of all we sent the hospital stores, ammunition, spare arms, and our remaining barrel of biscuit which was to serve two hundred men on the morrow. I made over this last to the care of Dr. Brinkerhoff, but soon after landing it was broken open, and a third of the biscuit taken by



LANDING HOSPITAL PATIENTS.

the men who had carried the wounded up from the lake to the village. It was impossible to blame them, as they were exhausted with labor and hunger in a service purely voluntary.

CAPTAIN JOHN M. BALDWIN.

It was a piece of good fortune for us, that Captain John M. Baldwin, a man of singular courage and aptitude for command, had come with us from Virgin Bay, intending to go on with Rogers and his party to Granada. Rogers had already informed me that he was himself the bearer of an order for the burning of Granada. The secret intention of Rogers was to leave Baldwin behind him on the island, as an aid in case of any difficulty with the natives, and he effected this very adroitly. He was the same Captain Baldwin who had formerly driven back the Costa Ricans at Hipp's Point on the River Serapiqui, and one of the best officers in the service. Baldwin was much offended by the trick put upon him, but did not the less exert his natural gift of command in establishing order and providing for the security and comfort of the sick.

It was midnight when the launch had discharged the hospital stores, and the dead that were laid upon them. All but twenty-four of the patients had been carried up to the village; the men who had assisted as *attachés* of Rogers, six or eight in number, worn out with excessive labor, threw themselves down under any chance cover, and fell asleep. Myers, who passed with us as governor of the island, invited Baldwin and myself to the house of the Alcalde of Muigalpa, a respectable native, whose wife prepared supper for the party. This kind-hearted Charley Myers, an immense man, weighing perhaps three hundred pounds, with a red smiling face like a full moon—had already given orders to have some soup made for the men who were left lying on the beach. Only two frightened native women were left in the village, so that two o'clock arrived in the morning before the little native boy could shoulder the *teneja* full of soup, and go down with me to the lake.

RETREAT FROM MASSAYA.

FEEDING THE SICK AT NIGHT.

The night was intensely dark, and rain threatened. Arriving at the water's edge, where the shadows of vast vine-clad trees made the gloom almost palpable, a confused sound of sighs, groans, murmurs, and the strangulated rattle of the dying, mingled strangely with the murmur of the water and the ceaseless cry of insects. Piles of hospital stores and baggage encumbered the beach, and it was difficult to step without treading upon a dead or living man. The night-fires had gone out, and these poor wretches, left in utter darkness on the cold ground, seemed to have given themselves up to despair. No sooner was my candle lighted than I was saluted by a dozen voices begging food. "Oh, for God's sake!" "Oh, be merciful; give me a little food!" "I am in horrible pain; help me!" "Doctor, look at this wound; is it bad?" "When will they take us to the village?" "May the curse light on —— —— for sending us to this d—d place!" "Doctor, take away these dead men! Here is one right against my head." "It is intolerable to be left here dying on the ground!" "I can not move; my backbone—is it broken by the ball, do you think?" Then would come feeble, wailing whispers: "I have the fever." "Give me some of that soup. No, it is no matter, I can't eat."

The soup was given out by the native boy, a little to each, and the jar soon emptied. Several times the wind blew out the light, and every time it was relighted the appeals for help and food were renewed in accents more piteous. Each face—as the rays of the candle fell upon them successively—presented some new aspect of emaciated wretchedness—the contortions of pain, or the cold, fixed glare of dissolution. That day and night all was sombre horror, fear, and disquietude; I did not see a smile on the face of any man except the ineffably good-humored Charley Myers. At three o'clock in the morning we made a last effort to procure help from the natives, to have the rest of the patients taken under shelter. Rain had begun to fall; but the three or four men who were left of the villagers, cattle drivers in the service of Charley Myers, had already exhausted themselves by a day's hunt after cattle.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BUTCHER.

The next morning a steer was tied up and killed by two of our men, and one of the huts taken for a cook-shop. A camp-kettle and a large iron pot were soon filled with coarse greasy soup; and by eleven that day nearly all had had a taste either of soup, which was given to the sick, or a bit of beef roasted on a stick, or fried with grease in the native manner. There were only two frying-pans for all, and no salt. Vegetables, tea, coffee, butter, pepper, and bread, were luxuries altogether dispensed with.

Meanwhile six men of the Americans, assisted by two native boys, volunteered, at the desire of Captain Baldwin, to bring up those who had been left upon the beach. Although covered with cloaks and blankets from the rain, they were all wet, and a number had died during the night. Five others were found dead in the huts and along the road side. As early as eleven o'clock A.M., of this day, the survivors had all been carried up, and put under shelter. The men who performed this service and were afterward the most active and helpful on the island, were principally Captain J. M. Baldwin, Charles Doherty, Livingston, Charley Myers, Gardiner, Philip M. Whelpley, formerly a volunteer, and a German, whose name I can not remember, but who was one of the finest men in appearance and character that I had seen in Nicaragua. He was reported killed afterward in the night attack.

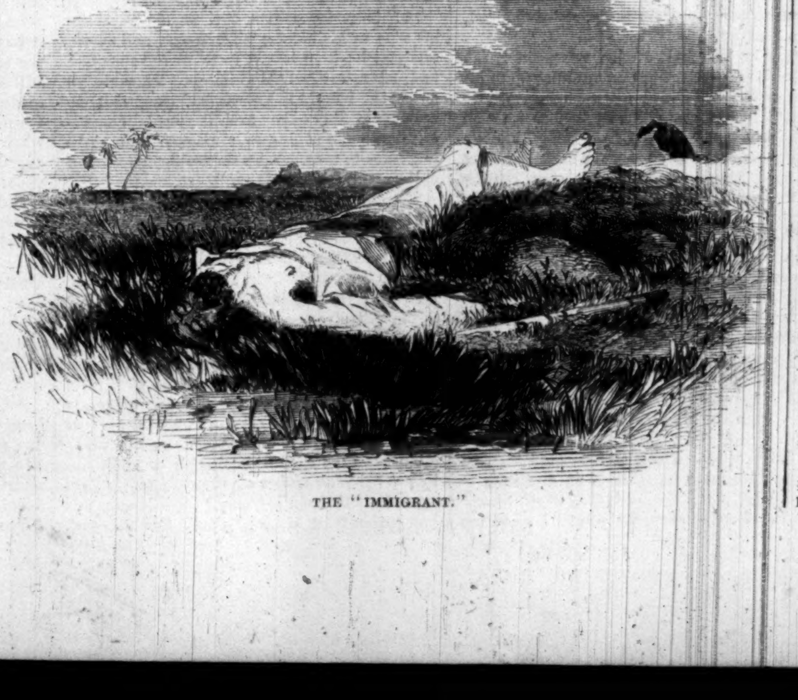
The best huts in the village, some of them pretty and comfortable enough for that country, were taken by the invalid officers, among whom was Colonel Skerrett, formerly of Texas. The inferior class of huts and sheds were given up entirely to the hospital patients. Some of these were already crowded; but before this day passed, we had them so distributed (Captain Baldwin lending his assistance), they did not much inconvenience each other.

After a day of labor unparalleled in hardship, our weary helpers threw themselves upon the ground to sleep; and as early as nine o'clock, the stillness of the night was interrupted only by the groans of the sufferers. At ten o'clock, as I guessed, Captain Baldwin came to the hut of the Alcalde, where I was lying on one of the reed platforms which serve the natives for beds, and asked me to come out and talk with him.

THE NIGHT PATROL.

I found Baldwin in a state of deep mental depression. He said that he had been left upon the island without order or explanation; that he already saw formidable dangers impending; that we might at any moment have an attack from the islanders, reinforced and armed, from Rivas or Chontales; that our condition was deplorable in all respects; the quarters for the hospital patients unfit; that a great number would die in a few days; there was no food upon the island but beef and plantains—a diet unsuited to their condition; that of the forty or fifty who were just able to work and bear arms, only a few could be depended on. He observed that no person on the island appeared to have military command, but that he should himself make up a volunteer force, and, if possible, a patrol guard for the night. It was then agreed between Baldwin and myself, that until the arrival of a commander he would assume the civil and military responsibility, and that I should lend all the assistance in my power in feeding the village, Myers having engaged on his part to drive in two head of cattle every day.

We patrolled together that night and the succeeding, until two or three in the morning. Baldwin opened to me many curious details of the Walker Administration, and I was able to reciprocate with him. We bound ourselves, under the circumstances, to a mutual and friendly support; and I believe these interviews were serviceable, in some degree, to those who depended upon us. I found Baldwin an educated gentleman, who covered all with the rough exterior and easy manners of a soldier. His knowledge of the country, and of the causes of the successive disasters of the army, was minute and satisfactory. The idea uppermost in his mind was, "that the Costa Ricans were preparing to attack the River San Juan del Norte, and that at any moment we might hear of the capture of San Carlos, Castillo, and Hipp's Point."*



THE "IMMIGRANT."

It did not occur to Baldwin, at this time, that the lake steamers could by any possibility be taken. He saw no good end for the expedition of Walker, if the river were to fall into the hands of the Costa Ricans. He was cautious in speaking of Walker, but seemed to be thoroughly dissatisfied with the service. As his feelings in this respect coincided with those of General Hornsby, Colonel Jaques, and nearly all other intelligent officers, I was not at all surprised. The service was a thankless one, dangerous to a degree without parallel in American warfare, and not likely to bring credit or reputation to any of the men engaged in it.

Baldwin declared that in a life of adventure he had never witnessed any thing to equal the horror and distress of the poor wretches who were lying around us; that it was a scene too dreadful to be minutely described, and that to escape unharmed from the perils of this campaign would be a source of congratulation to but few of us.

As we paced slowly along the green lanes of the village we passed many men lying on the ground, who had left their quarters under the influence of febrile delirium. Those who could speak, called to us for food. The exposure was likely to prove fatal to many, but it was impossible to remove them until morning.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Baldwin undertook, in his share of duty, the burial of the dead, which was performed with great difficulty, there being no iron spades in the village, and our men too busy with more important labors to find time for digging graves. The third day Myers brought over a native cart drawn by oxen.

NICARAGUAN VOLUNTEER.

This cart was to bring up all the hospital stores and baggage of the physicians and officers, and was afterward used to convey the corpses to the place of burial. Myers at length succeeded in getting three of his native boys to dig a pit about a mile and a half from the village on a piece of open prairie. This was a work of time, the only digging instruments being a flat bit of iron like a dibble, fixed on a long handle, and a small shovel of wood. We took up the dead bodies without undressing them, laid them on the cart, covered their faces, took them to the pit, and dropping in a layer—four or five—covered them with a few inches of earth, leaving the pit open for the next layer, and so on. In that single pit now lie the bones of at least forty Americans, men and women. Baldwin buried several on the shore of the lake, but I did not see it done. I remember on one occasion, when going out alone with two natives and two corpses, one, of a young woman well clad, the natives insisted upon stripping the bodies before casting them in, and, being unarmed, I had much difficulty in restraining them. We raked the earth over these with our hands and feet. Before the pit was filled up, I had left the island. During the first five days thirty-six were *reported* dead, but many wandered off into the woods. I think our loss from all causes the first eight days was near fifty.

ARRIVALS.

Two or three days after our landing the steamer came back from Granada, with General Fry, Captain Regan, Captain Morris, Colonel Thompson, Doctor Slate, Doctor Post, and several others, all bringing with them their wives. The better class of the female population of Granada, consisting chiefly of American women, with a large number of children, fifty or sixty in all, together with the families of many German and American merchants, and a number of native women of the better class, whose husbands and brothers were professed ad-

* At the time when these conversations took place, President Mora was cutting roads, and making all his preparations for the late attack upon the River San Juan.

herents, but real prisoners of Walker, arrived on this steamer. It now became necessary to eject fifty or more of the soldiers from the best huts in the village, and give these latter to the women and children. In the hut of the Alcalde, a roof of thatch over two rooms, each about ten feet square, eight women and a dozen children were crowded together.

Every good native hut has a little kitchen attached to it, built usually of reeds and thatch. The fire is made upon the ground between large stones. The cooking utensils are generally of baked clay, with the occasional luxury of a frying-pan and an iron pot. The wives of the officers and surgeons, laying aside all thought of rank or personal dignity, began immediately to make themselves useful to their invalid friends. But these poor women were themselves too much enfeebled by bad diet, anxiety, and traces of fever to be of much use. Some of them had families of three and four children, and it was with difficulty these were fed and provided with dry cover from the rain.

Every hut and shed in the village was now crowded with men, women, and children, all Americans, except some ten or twelve native women from Granada. Two-thirds of this sudden population were helpless invalids. The village church on the east side of the plaza or public square had been reserved for the wounded; the other third, consisting one half of healthy men or convalescents, and the women and children. The children required all the attention of the women; and among the able-bodied men not more than eight or ten could be brought to help the others. The five physicians were, of course, occupied in care of the wounded, or at least three of them were—the others taking excellent care of themselves. These latter appropriated to their private use the only male cook on the island who understood his business—a great loss; as, what with making fire, and blundering over the wretched utensils left behind by the natives, the whole of every day, from sunrise to sunset, was spent by those who had strength to do it in cooking beef and plantains, in very wretched style, for themselves and others.

FILIBUSTERISM.

It does not appear that filibusterism improves the character. In any part of a civilized country, unless it be in the low dens of a great city, neighbors are ready to assist each other in extremity. Even in shipwreck, after the first impulse of selfish terror, most men are eager to be humane. On this occasion, on the contrary, with a few heroic exceptions, the men and officials shrank sullenly from tasks not included in their routine of duty. The common soldiers and discharged volunteers, with the bright exceptions above noticed, followed the bad example, and some even withdrew to the outskirts of the village and made separate encampments in order to avoid work. Not all of this could be attributed to mere baseness of nature. Several of those men were of a superior order, but having been for a long time compulsory slaves, performing odious services without honor of reward under a thankless despotism, they instinctively separated themselves, preferring savage isolation to even the appearance of a service so hated. One instance I have at this moment in recollection, that of S——lt—n, formerly a merchant of New Orleans, a handsome, powerful man, in manners a gentleman, in mind of the highest intelligence. S——lt—n had come from New Orleans to Nicaragua with the intention of establishing himself in business. By some fraudulent process, very well understood by the managers of the recruiting service, his name was thrust into a list of volunteers. From that moment he was a slave, his life, labor, all that he was or possessed, at the service of the filibuster chief. The astonishing hardihood, boldness, and utter indifference to danger and fatigue, of this remarkable person, made him always an object of interest and study to myself. I had been intimately associated with him at the hacienda of Malaño at Rivas, and found him capable of the most desperate enterprises. It has often been asked why men of this stamp did not conspire to set themselves free and escape. The first answer is, that *Americans are not naturally conspirators*; they are a *loyal* people, else we should have no Union, and the majority could not rule. Again, each man felt deeply wounded and grieved by the ill-success of the enterprise, and would do nothing to thwart it. Again, the greater number were always drunk or disheartened; the entire wit and strength of each was expended in procuring food, or liquor to drown care, or in escaping from immediate personal danger. Many were always planning to get away; the principle of hope restrained others. Ignorance of the Spanish language prevented communication with the natives, who were mostly despised individually, and feared *en masse*. Those who had freely and voluntarily united themselves with the cause in better days had become identified with the wretched system and policy of the filibuster government. Veritable assassins, murderers, and robbers, of whom there were many, lived like pirates, from hand to mouth, rather enjoying, with their callous natures, the strange, wild life, and its terrible excitements. Nevertheless, *there were deep attempts at conspiracies, the reason of whose failure was the rapid mortality which swept off successive masses of men, before their bodies had ripened for the climate, or their plans for revolt.*

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH. A PLOT AGAINST THE SECRET.

Toward the close of the evening, on the day after Mr. Orridge's interview with Mrs. Norbury, the Druid fast coach, running through Cornwall as far as Truro, set down three inside passengers at the door of the booking-office on arriving at its destination. Two of these passengers were an old gentleman and his daughter; the third was Mrs. Jazeph.

The father and daughter collected their luggage, and entered the hotel; the outside passengers branched off in different directions with as little delay as possible; Mrs. Jazeph alone stood irresolute on the pavement, and seemed uncertain what she should do next. When the coachman good-naturedly endeavored to assist her in arriving at a decision of some kind, by asking whether he could do any thing to help her, she started, and looked at him suspiciously; then, appearing to recollect herself, thanked him for his kindness, and inquired, with a confusion of words and a hesitation of manner which appeared very extraordinary in the coachman's eyes, whether she might be allowed to leave her trunk at the booking-office for a little while, until she could return and call for it again.

Receiving permission to leave her trunk as long as she pleased, she crossed over the principal street of the town, ascended the pavement on the opposite side, and walked down the first turning she came to. On entering the by-street to which the turning led, she glanced back, satisfied herself that nobody was following or watching her, hastened on a few yards, and stopped again at a small shop devoted to the sale of book-cases, cabinets, work-boxes, and writing-desks. After first looking up at the letters painted over the door—Buschmann, Cabinet-maker, etc.—she peered in at the shop window. A middle-aged man, with a cheerful face, sat behind the counter, polishing a rosewood bracket, and nodding briskly at regular intervals, as if he were humming a tune and keeping time to it with his head. Seeing no customers in the shop, Mrs. Jazeph opened the door and walked in.

As soon as she was inside, she became aware that the cheerful man behind the counter was keeping time, not to a tune of his own humming, but to a tune played by a musical box. The clear ringing notes came from a parlor behind the shop, and the air the box was playing was the lovely "Batti, Batti," of Mozart.

"Is Mr. Buschmann at home?" asked Mrs. Jazeph.

"Yes, ma'am," said the cheerful man, pointing with a smile toward the door that led into the parlor. "The music answers for him. Whenever Mr. Buschmann's box is playing, Mr. Buschmann himself is not far off from it. Did you wish to see him, ma'am?"

"If there is nobody with him."

"Oh no, he is quite alone. Shall I give any name?"

Mrs. Jazeph opened her lips to answer, hesitated, and said nothing. The shopman, with a quicker delicacy of perception than might have been expected from him, judging by outward appearances, did not repeat the question, but opened the door at once, and admitted the visitor to the presence of Mr. Buschmann.

The shop parlor was a very small room, with an odd three-cornered look about it, with a bright green paper on the walls, with a large dried fish in a glass case over the fire-place, with two meerschaum pipes hanging together on the wall opposite, and with a neat round table placed as accurately as possible in the middle of the floor. On the table were tea-things, bread, butter, a pot of jam, and a musical box in a quaint, old-fashioned case; and by the side of the table sat a little, rosy-faced, white-haired, simple-looking old man, who started up, when the door was opened, with an appearance of extreme confusion, and touched the stop of the musical box, so that it might cease playing when it came to the end of the air.

"A lady to speak with you, Sir," said the cheerful shopman. "That is Mr. Buschmann, ma'am," he added, in a lower tone, seeing Mrs. Jazeph stop in apparent uncertainty on entering the parlor.

"Will you please to take a seat, ma'am?" said Mr. Buschmann, when the shopman had closed the door and gone back to his counter. "Excuse the music; it will stop directly." He spoke these words in a foreign accent, but with perfect fluency.

Mrs. Jazeph looked at him earnestly while he was addressing her, and advanced a step or two before she said any thing. "Am I so changed?" she asked, softly. "So sadly, sadly changed, Uncle Joseph?"

"Gott im Himmel! it's her voice—its Sarah Leeson!" cried the old man, running up to his visitor as nimbly as if he was a boy again, taking both her hands, and kissing her with an odd brisk tenderness on the cheek. Although his niece was not at all above the average height of women, Uncle Joseph was so short that he had to raise himself on tiptoe to perform the ceremony of embracing her.

"To think of Sarah coming at last!" he said, pressing her into a chair. "After all these years and years, to think of Sarah Leeson coming to see Uncle Joseph again!"

"Sarah still, but not Sarah Leeson," said Mrs. Jazeph, pressing her thin, trembling hands firmly together, and looking down on the floor while she spoke.

"Ah! married?" said Mr. Buschmann, gayly. "Married, of course. Tell me all about your husband, Sarah."

"He is dead. Dead and forgiven." She murmured the last three words in a whisper to herself.

"Ah! I am so sorry for you! I spoke too suddenly, did I not, my child?" said the old man. "Never mind! No, no; I don't mean that—I mean let us talk of something else. You will have a bit of bread and jam, won't you, Sarah?—ravishing raspberry jam that melts in your mouth. Some tea, then? So, so, she will have some tea, to be sure. And we won't talk of our troubles—at least, not just yet. You look very pale, Sarah, very much older than you ought to look—no, I don't mean that either; I don't mean to be rude. It was your voice I knew you by, my child—your voice that your poor uncle Max always said would have made your fortune if you would only have learned to sing. Here's his pretty music-box going still. Don't look so down-hearted—don't, pray! Do listen a little to the music: you remember the box? my brother Max's box? Why, how you look! Have you forgotten the box that the divine Mozart gave to my brother with his own hand, when Max was a boy in the music-school at Vienna? Listen! I have set it going again. It's a song they call Batti, Batti; it's a song in an opera of Mozart's. Ah, beautiful! beautiful! your uncle Max said that all music was comprehended in that one song. I know nothing about music, but I have my heart and my ears, and they tell me that Max was right."

Speaking these words with abundant gesticulation and amazing volubility, Mr. Buschmann poured out a cup of tea for his niece, stirred it carefully, and, patting her on the shoulder, begged that she would make him happy by drinking it all up directly. As he came close to her to press this request, he discovered that the tears were in her eyes, and that she was trying to take her handkerchief from her pocket without being observed.

"Don't mind me," she said, seeing the old man's face sadden as he looked at her; "and don't think me forgetful or ungrateful, Uncle Joseph. I remember the box—I remember every thing that you used to take an interest in, when I was younger and happier than I am now. When I last saw you, I came to you in trouble; and I come to you in trouble once more. It seems neglectful in me never to have written to you for so many years past; but my life has been a very sad one, and I thought I had no right to lay the burden of my sorrow on other shoulders than my own."

Uncle Joseph shook his head at these last words, and touched the stop of the musical box. "Mozart shall wait a little," he said, gravely, "till I have told you something. Sarah, hear what I say, and drink your tea, and own to me whether I speak the truth or not. What did I, Joseph Buschmann, tell you, when you first came to me in trouble, fourteen, fifteen, ah more! sixteen years ago, in this town, and in this same house? I said then, what I say again, now: Sarah's sorrow is my sorrow, and Sarah's joy is my joy; and if any man asks me reasons for that, I have three to give him."

He stopped to stir up his niece's tea for the second time, and to draw her attention to it, by tapping with the spoon on the edge of the cup.

"Three reasons," he resumed. "First, you are my sister's child—some of her flesh and blood, and some of mine, therefore, also. Secondly, my sister, my brother, and, lastly, me myself, we owe to your good English father—all. A little word that means much, and may be said again and again—all. Your father's friends cry, Fie! Agatha Buschmann is poor, Agatha Buschmann is foreign! But your father loves the poor German girl, and he marries her in spite of their Fie, Fie. Your father's friends cry Fie! again; Agatha Buschmann has a musician brother, who gabbles to us about Mozart, and who can not make to his porridge, salt. Your father says, Good! I like his gabble; I like his playing; I shall get him people to teach; and while I have pinches of salt in my kitchen, he to his porridge shall have pinches of salt too. Your father's friends cry, Fie! for the third time. Agatha Buschmann has another brother, a little Stupid-Head, who to the other's gabble can only listen and say Amen. Send him trotting; for the love of Heaven, shut up all the doors and send Stupid-Head trotting at least! Your father says, No! Stupid-Head has his wits in his hands; he can cut, and carve, and polish; help him a little at the starting; and, after, he shall help himself. They are all gone now but me! Your father, your mother, and uncle Max—they are all gone! Stupid-Head alone remains to remember and to be grateful—to take Sarah's sorrow for his sorrow, and Sarah's joy for his joy."

He stopped again, to blow a speck of dust off the musical box. His niece endeavored to speak, but he held up his hand, and shook his forefinger at her warningly.

"No," he said. "It is yet my business to talk, and your business to drink tea. Have I not my third reason still? Ah! you look away from me; you know my third reason, before I say a word. When I, in my turn, marry, and my wife dies, and leaves me alone with little Joseph, and when the boy falls sick, who comes then, so quiet, so pretty, so neat, with the bright young eyes, and the hands so tender and light? Who helps me with little Joseph by night and by day? Who makes a pillow for him on her arm when his head is weary? Who holds this box patiently at his ear?—yes! this box, that the hand of Mozart has touched—Who holds it closer, closer always, when little Joseph's sense grows dull, and he moans for the friendly music that he has known from a baby, the friendly music that he can now so hardly, hardly hear? Who kneels down by Uncle Joseph when his heart is breaking, and says, 'Oh, hush! hush! The boy has gone where the better music plays, where the sickness shall never waste or the sorrow touch him more!' Who? Ah, Sarah! you can not forget those days; you can not forget the Long Ago! When the trouble is bitter, and the burden is heavy, it is cruelty to Uncle Joseph to keep away; it is kindness to him to come here."

The recollections that the old man had called up found their way tenderly to Sarah's heart. She could not answer him; she could only hold out her hand. Uncle Joseph bent down, with a quaint, affectionate gallantry, and kissed it; then stepped back again to his place by the musical box. "Come!" he said, patting it cheerfully, "we will say no more for a while. Mozart's box, Max's box, little Joseph's box, you shall talk to us again!"

Having put the tiny machinery in motion, he sat down by the table, and remained silent until the air had been played over twice. Then, observing that his niece seemed calmer, he spoke to her once more.

"You are in trouble, Sarah," he said, quietly. "You tell me that, and I see it is true in your face. Are you grieving for your husband?"

"I grieve that I ever met him," she answered. "I grieve that I ever married him. Now that he is dead, I can not grieve—I can only forgive him."

"Forgive him? How you look, Sarah, when you say that! Tell me—"

"Uncle Joseph! I have told you that my husband is dead, and that I have forgiven him."

"You have forgiven him? He was hard and cruel with you, then? I see; I see. That is the end, Sarah—but the beginning? Is the beginning that you loved him?"

Her pale cheeks flushed; and she turned her head aside. "It is hard and humbling to confess it," she murmured, without raising her eyes; "but you force the truth from me, uncle. I had no love to give to my husband—no love to give to any man."

"And yet, you married him! Wait! it is not for me to blame. It is for me to find out not the bad, but the good. Yes, yes; I shall say to myself, she married him when she was poor and helpless; she married him when she should have come to Uncle Joseph, instead. I shall say that to myself, and I shall pity, but I shall ask no more."

Sarah half reached her hand out to the old man again—then suddenly pushed her chair back, and changed the position in which she was sitting. "It is true that I was poor," she said, looking about her in confusion, and speaking with difficulty. "But you are so good and so kind, I can not accept the excuse that your forbearance makes for me. I did not marry him because I was poor, but—" She stopped, clasped her hands together, and pushed her chair back still farther from the table.

"So! so!" said the old man, noticing her confusion. "We will talk about it no more."

"I had no excuse of love; I had no excuse of poverty," she said, with a sudden burst of bitterness and despair. "Uncle Joseph, I married him because I was too weak to persist in saying No! The curse of weakness and fear has followed me all the days of my life! I said No to him once; I said No to him twice. Oh, uncle, if I could only have said it for the third time! But he followed me, he frightened me, he took away from me all the little will of my own that I had. He made me speak as he wished me to speak, and go where he wished me to go. No, no, no—don't come to me, uncle; don't say any thing. He is gone; he is dead—I have got my release; I have given my pardon! Oh, if I could only go away and hide somewhere! All people's eyes seem to look through me; all people's words seem to threaten me. My heart has been weary ever since I was a young woman; and all these long, long years, it has never got any rest. Hush! the man in the shop—I forgot the man in the shop. He will hear us; let us talk in a whisper. What made me break out so? I'm always wrong. Oh me! I'm wrong when I speak; I'm wrong when I say nothing; wherever I go and whatever I do, I'm not like other people. I seem never to have grown up in my mind, since I was a little child. Hark! the man in the shop is moving—has he heard me? Oh, Uncle Joseph! do you think he has heard me?"

Looking hardly less startled than his niece, Uncle Joseph assured her that the door was solid, that the man's place in the shop was at some distance from it, and that it was impossible, even if he heard voices in the parlor, that he could also distinguish any words that were spoken in it.

"You are sure of that?" she whispered, hurriedly. "Yes, yes, you are sure of that, or you would not have told me so, would you? We may go on talking now. Not about my married life: that is buried and past. Say that I had some years of sorrow and suffering, which I deserved—say that I had other years of quiet,

when I was living in service, with masters and mistresses who were often kind to me when my fellow-servants were not—say just that much about my life, and it is saying enough. The trouble that I am in now, the trouble that brings me to you, goes back further than the years we have been talking about—goes back, back, back, Uncle Joseph, to the distant day when we last met."

"Goes back all through the sixteen years!" exclaimed the old man, incredulously. "Goes back, Sarah, even to the Long Ago!"

"Even to that time. Uncle, you remember where I was living, and what had happened to me, when—"

"When you came here in secret? When you asked me to hide you? That was the same week, Sarah, when your mistress died; your mistress who lived away, west, in the old house. You were frightened, then—pale and frightened as I see you now."

"As every one sees me! People are always staring at me; always thinking that I am nervous, always pitying me for being ill."

Saying these words with a sudden fretfulness, she lifted the tea-cup by her side to her lips, drained it of its contents at a draught, and pushed it across the table to be filled again. "I have come all over thirsty and hot," she whispered. "More tea, Uncle Joseph—more tea."

"It is cold," said the old man. "Wait till I ask for hot water."

"No!" she exclaimed, stopping him as he was about to rise. "Give it me cold; I like it cold. Let nobody else come in; I can't speak if any body else comes in." She drew her chair close to her uncle's, and went on: "You have not forgotten how frightened I was in that bygone time; do you remember why I was frightened?"

"You were afraid of being followed—that was it, Sarah. I grow old, but my memory keeps young. You were afraid of your master, afraid of his sending servants after you. You had run away; you had spoken no word to any body; and you spoke little—ah, very, very little—even to Uncle Joseph, even to me."

"I told you," said Sarah, dropping her voice to so faint a whisper that the old man could barely hear her. "I told you that my mistress had left me a secret on her death-bed—a secret in a letter, which I was to give to my master. I told you I had hidden the letter, because I could not bring myself to deliver it—because I would rather die a thousand times over than be questioned about what I knew of it. I told you so much, I know. Did I tell you no more? Did I not say that my mistress made me take an oath on the Bible? Uncle! are there candles in the room? Are there candles we can light without disturbing any body—without calling any body in here?"

"There are candles and a match-box in my cupboard," answered Uncle Joseph. "But look out of window, Sarah. It is only twilight; it is not dark yet."

"Not outside; but it is dark here."

"Where?"

"In that corner. Let us have the candles. I don't like the darkness when it gathers in corners, and creeps along walls."

Uncle Joseph looked all round the room, inquiringly, and smiled to himself as he took two candles from the cupboard and lighted them. "You are like the children," he said, playfully, while he pulled down the window-blind. "You are afraid of the dark."

Sarah did not appear to hear him. Her eyes were fixed on the corner of the room which she had pointed out the moment before. When he resumed his place by her side, she never looked round, but laid her hand on his arm, and said to him, suddenly:

"Uncle! Do you believe that the dead can come back to this world, and follow the living every where, and see what they do in it?"

The old man started. "Sarah!" he said, "why do you talk so? Why do you ask me such a question?"

"Are there lonely hours," she went on, still never looking away from the corner, still not seeming to hear him, "when you are sometimes frightened without knowing why—frightened all over in an instant, from head to foot? Tell me, uncle, have you ever felt the cold steal round and round the roots of your hair, and crawl bit by bit down your back? I have felt that, even in the summer. I have been out of doors, alone on a wide heath, in the heat and brightness of noon, and have felt as if chilly fingers were touching me—chilly, damp, softly-creeping fingers. It says in the New Testament that the dead came once out of their graves, and went into the holy city. The dead! Have they rested, rested always, rested forever, since that time?"

Uncle Joseph's simple nature recoiled in bewilderment from the dark and daring speculations to which his niece's questions led. Without saying a word, he tried to draw away the arm which she still held; but the only result of the effort was to make her tighten her grasp, and bend forward in her chair so as to look closer still into the corner of the room.

"My mistress was dying," she said, "my mistress was very near her grave, when she made me take my oath on the Bible. She made me swear never to destroy the letter; and I did not destroy it. She made me swear not to take it away with me, if I left the house; and I did not take it away. She would have made me swear, for the third time, to give it to my master, but death was too quick for her—death stopped her from fastening that third oath on my conscience. But she threatened me, uncle, with the dead dampness on her forehead, and the dead whiteness on her cheeks—she threatened to come to me from the other world, if I thwarted her—and I *have* thwarted her!"

She stopped, suddenly removed her hand from the old man's arm, and made a strange gesture with it toward the part of the room on which her eyes remained fixed. "Rest, rest, rest," she whispered under her breath. "Is my master alive now? Rest till the drowned rise. Tell him the Secret when the sea gives up her dead."

"Sarah! Sarah! you are changed; you are ill; you frighten me!" cried Uncle Joseph, starting to his feet.

She turned round slowly, and looked at him with eyes void of all expression, with eyes that seemed to be staring through him vacantly at something beyond.

"Gott im Himmel! what does she see?" He looked round as the exclamation escaped him. "Sarah! what is it? Are you faint? Are you ill? Are you dreaming with your eyes open?"

He took her by both arms and shook her. At the instant when she felt the touch of his hands, she started violently and trembled all over. Their natural expression flew back into her eyes with the rapidity of a flash of light. Without saying a word, she hastily resumed her seat, and began stirring the cold tea round and round in her cup, round and round so fast that the liquid overflowed into the saucer.

"Come! she gets more like herself," said Uncle Joseph, watching her.

"More like myself?" she repeated, vacantly.

"So! so!" said the old man, trying to soothe her. "You are ill—what the English call, out of sort. They are good doctors here. Wait till to-morrow, you shall have the best."

"I want no doctors. Don't speak of doctors. I can't bear them; they look at me with such curious eyes; they are always prying into me, as if they wanted to find out something. What have we been stopping for? I had so much to say; and we seem to have been stopping just when we ought to have been going on. I am in grief and terror, Uncle Joseph; in grief and terror again about the Secret—"

"No more of that!" pleaded the old man. "No more to-night, at least!"

"Why not?"

"Because you will be ill again with talking about it. You will be looking into that corner, and dreaming with your eyes open. You are too ill; yes, yes, Sarah, you are too ill."

"I'm not ill! Oh, why does every body keep telling me that I am ill? Let me talk about it, uncle. I have come to talk about it; I can't rest till I have told you."

She spoke with a changing color and an embarrassed manner, now apparently conscious for the first time that she had allowed words and actions to escape her which it would have been more prudent to have restrained.

"Don't notice me again," she said, with her soft voice and her gentle, pleading manner. "Don't notice me if I talk or look as I ought not. I lose myself sometimes, without knowing it; and I suppose I lost myself just now. It means nothing, Uncle Joseph—nothing indeed."

Endeavoring thus to reassure the old man, she again altered the position of her chair, so as to place her back toward the part of the room to which her face had been hitherto turned.

"Well, well, it is good to hear that," said Uncle Joseph; "but speak no more about the past time, for fear you should lose yourself again. Let us hear about what is now. Yes, yes, give me my way. Leave the Long Ago to me, and take you the present time. I can go back through the sixteen years as well as you. Ah! you doubt it? Hear me tell you what happened when we last met—hear me prove myself in three words: You leave your place at the old house; you run away here; you stop in hiding with me, while your master and his servants are hunting after you; you start off, when your road is clear, to work for your living, as far away from Cornwall as you can get; I beg and pray you to stop with me, but you are afraid of your master, and away you go. There! that is the whole story of your trouble the last time you came to this house. Leave it so; and tell me what is the cause of your trouble now."

"The past cause of my trouble, Uncle Joseph, and the present cause of my trouble are the same. The Secret—"

"What! you will go back to that?"

"I must go back to it."

"And why?"

"Because the Secret is written in a letter—"

"Yes; and what of that?"

"And the letter is in danger of being discovered. It is, uncle—it is! Sixteen years it has lain hidden; and now, after all that long time, the dreadful chance of its being dragged to light has come like a judgment. The one person in all the world who ought never to set eyes on that letter is the very person who is most likely to find it!"

"So! so! Are you very certain, Sarah? How do you know it?"

"I know it from her own lips. Chance brought us together—"

"Us? us? What do you mean by us?"

"I mean—uncle, you remember that Captain Treverton was my master when I lived at Porthgenna Tower?"

"I had forgotten his name. But no matter—go on."

"When I left my place Miss Treverton was a little girl of five years old. She is a married woman now—so beautiful, so clever, such a sweet, youthful, happy face! And she has a child as lovely as herself. Oh, uncle, if you could see her! I would give so much if you could only see her!"

Uncle Joseph kissed his hand and shrugged his shoulders, expressing, by the first action, homage to the lady's beauty, and, by the second, resignation under the misfortune of not being able to see her. "Well, well," he said, philosophically, "put this shining woman by, and let us go on."

"Her name is Frankland now," said Sarah. "A prettier name than Treverton, a much prettier name, I think. Her husband is fond of her—I am sure he is. How can he have any heart at all, and not be fond of her?"

"So! so!" exclaimed Uncle Joseph, looking very much perplexed. "Good, if he is fond of her—very good. But what labyrinth are we getting into now? Wherefore all this about a husband and a wife? My word of honor, Sarah, but your explanation explains nothing—it only softens my brains!"

"I must speak of her and of Mr. Frankland, uncle. Porthgenna Tower belongs to her husband now; and they are both going to live there."

"Ah! we are getting back into the straight road at last."

"They are going to live in the very house that holds the Secret; they are going to repair that very part of it where the letter is hidden. She will go into the old rooms—I heard her say so; she will search about in them to amuse her curiosity; workmen will clear them out, and she will stand by, in her idle hours, looking on."

"But she suspects nothing of the Secret?"

"God forbid she ever should!"

"And there are many rooms in the house? And the letter in which the Secret is written is hidden in one of the many? Why should she hit on that one?"

"Because I always say the wrong thing! because I always get frightened and lose myself at the wrong time! The letter is hidden in a room called the Myrtle Room, and I was foolish enough, weak enough, crazed enough, to warn her against going into it."

"Ah, Sarah! Sarah! that was a mistake indeed."

"I can't tell what possessed me—I seemed to lose my senses when I heard her talking so innocently of amusing herself by searching through the old rooms, and when I thought of what she might find there. It was getting on toward night, too; the horrible darkness was gathering in the corners and creeping along the walls; and I didn't dare light the candles for fear she should see how anxious and frightened I was in my face. And when I did light them it was worse. Oh, I don't know how I did it! I don't know why I did it! I could have torn my tongue out for saying the words, and yet I said them. Other people can think for the best; other people can act for the best; other people have had a heavy weight laid on their minds and have not dropped under it, as I have. Help me, uncle, for the sake of old times when we were happy—help me with a word of advice!"

"I will help you; I live to help you, Sarah! No, no, no—you must not look so forlorn; you must not look at me with those crying eyes. Come! I will advise this minute—but say in what; only say in what."

"Have I not told you?"

"No; you have not told me a word yet."

"I will tell you now—"

She paused, looked away distrustfully toward the door leading into the shop, listened a little, and resumed: "I am not at the end of my journey yet, Uncle Joseph—I am here on my way to Porthgenna Tower—on my way to the Myrtle Room—on my way, step by step, to the place where the letter lies hid. I dare not destroy it; I dare not remove it; but, run what risk I may, I must take it out of the Myrtle Room."

Uncle Joseph said nothing, but he shook his head despondingly.

"I must," she repeated; "before Mrs. Frankland gets to Porthgenna, I must take that letter out of the Myrtle Room. There are places in the old house where I may hide it again—places that she would never think of—places that she would never notice. Only let me get it out of the one room that she is sure to search in, and I know where to hide it from her and from every one for ever."

Uncle Joseph reflected, and shook his head again, then said: "One word, Sarah; does Mrs. Frankland know which is the Myrtle Room?"

"I did my best to destroy all trace of that name when I hid the letter; I hope and believe she does not. But she may find out—remember the words I was crazed enough to speak; they will set her seeking for the Myrtle Room; they are sure to do that."

"And if she finds it? And if she sees the letter?"

"It will cause misery to innocent people; it will bring death to me. Don't push your chair from me, uncle! It is not shameful death I speak of. The worst injury I have done is injury to myself; the worst death I have to fear is the death that releases a worn-out spirit and cures a broken heart."

"Enough—enough so," said the old man. "I ask for no secret, Sarah, that is not yours to give. It is all dark to me—very dark, very confused. I look away from it; I look only toward you. Not with doubt, my child, but with pity, and with sorrow, too—sorrow that ever you went near that house of Porthgenna—sorrow that you are now going to it again."

"I have no choice, uncle, but to go. If every step on the road to Porthgenna took me nearer and nearer to my death, I must still tread it. Knowing what I know, I can't rest, I can't sleep, my very breath won't come freely, till I have got that letter out of the Myrtle Room. How to do it—oh, Uncle Joseph, how to do it, without being suspected, without being discovered by any body—that is what I would almost give my life to know! You are a man; you are older and wiser than I am; no living creature ever asked you for help in vain—help *me* now! my only friend in all the world, help me a little with a word of advice!"

Uncle Joseph rose from his chair, and folded his arms resolutely, and looked his niece full in the face.

"You will go?" he said. "Cost what it may, you will go? Say, for the last time, Sarah—is it yes, or no?"

"Yes! For the last time, I say, Yes."

"Good. And you will go soon?"

"I must go to-morrow. I dare not waste a single day; hours even may be precious for any thing I can tell."

"You promise me, my child, that the hiding of this secret does good, and that the finding of it will do harm?"

"If it was the last word I had to speak in this world I would say, Yes!"

"You promise me also that you want nothing but to take the letter out of the Myrtle Room, and put it away somewhere else?"

"Nothing but that."

"And it is yours to take and yours to put? No person has a better right to touch it than you?"

"Now that my master is dead, no person."

"Good. You have given me my resolution. I have done. Sit you there, Sarah; and wonder, if you like, but say nothing." With these words, Uncle Joseph stepped lightly to the door leading into the shop, opened it, and called to the man behind the counter.

"Samuel, my friend," he said. "To-morrow I go a little ways into the country with my niece, who is this lady, here. You keep shop and take orders, and be just as careful as you always are, till I get back. If any body comes and asks for Mr. Buschmann, say he is gone a little ways into the country, and will be back in a few days. That is all. Shut up the shop, Samuel, my friend, for the night; and go to your supper. I wish you good appetite, nice victuals, and sound sleep."

Before Samuel could thank his master the door was shut again. Before Sarah could say a word, Uncle Joseph's hand was on her lips, and Uncle Joseph's handkerchief was wiping away the tears that were now falling fast from her eyes.

"I will have no more talking, and no more crying," said the old man. "I am German, and I glory in the obstinacy of six Englishmen all rolled into one. To-night you sleep here, to-morrow we talk again of all this. You want me to help you with a word of advice. I will help you with myself, which is better than advice, and I say no more till I fetch my pipe down from the wall there, and ask him to make me think. I smoke and think to-night; I talk and do to-morrow. And you, you go up to bed; you take uncle Max's music-box in your hand, and you let Mozart sing the cradle-song before you go to sleep. Yes, yes, my child, there is always comfort in Mozart—better comfort than in crying. Why cry so much? What is there to cry about, or to thank about? Is it so great a wonder that I will not let my sister's child go alone to make a venture in the dark? I said Sarah's sorrow was my sorrow, and Sarah's joy my joy; and now, if there is no way of escape—if it must indeed be done—I also say: Sarah's risk to-morrow is Uncle Joseph's risk to-morrow, too!"

THE ELOQUENCE OF TEARS.

ONE of the most popular effective pulpit orators in London never gets through a public prayer or sermon without floods of tears. In the matter of sensibility or personal piety, he does not differ, probably, in any considerable degree from many of his brethren, who never weep in the pulpit at all. The immediate cause of his tears is a peculiar

state of the *lachrymal gland.* It is related that once, in a conversation with the witty and sarcastic Richard Winter Hamilton, he spoke of his habit of weeping as a thing which he could not help, and said he had sometimes thought of submitting to a surgical operation as a means of restoring the diseased gland to its proper healthy action. "Not for the world," replied Hamilton, "never think of such a thing; that gland has been the making of you!" As I have listened to this weeping preacher in a crowded London congregation, he has made me feel how much there is in the most familiar truths of Christianity, which ought to move men deeply. His simple, fervent, utterance, enforced by tears, has seemed to me far more effective than the keen logic and Johnsonian magnificence of the profound and learned Richard Winter Hamilton. And I do not believe that any man, who was himself a preacher, ever listened to him without thinking that if that *lachrymal gland* was his, he would keep it!

There was a minister in the south of England, a few years ago, who had the gift of tears in a remarkable degree, both in the pulpit and out of it; according to what peculiar physiological principle, I am unable to say. I have seen him, on meeting in the street a young man of his congregation who was about to leave his father's house, take one of the youth's hands in both his, and address him in a strain of almost paternal tenderness, while his tears flowed with the readiness and freedom of an April shower. Yet his feelings certainly were not deep, if they were not the precise opposite of that. And in the pulpit he had neither large thoughts, nor any peculiar severity of demonstration. But he had a pleasant countenance, and he had a sweet, persuasive voice, and he had tears; and withal he had the largest congregation in the county, numbering ten or twelve hundred, somewhat characterized by intelligence; and he had a numerous church, eminently active and generous; and he retained his popularity almost to the time of his death, which was when he was old and full of days, while the astute and brilliant Henry Rogers, not having the sunny countenance, nor the mellifluous voice, nor the tear, found it expedient to retire from his co-pastorate with the good old man, and fight the battle of life on another and a quite different ground.

Cornelius Winter says of Whitefield, "I hardly ever knew him go through a sermon without weeping more or less;" and again, "it was only by beholding his *attitude* and *tears* that a person could well conceive of the effect." It may be readily granted that there was a connection between Whitefield's tears and his seraphic piety. But it may be asserted with equal confidence, that with a different constitutional temperament, though with a piety still more seraphic, his impassioned sermons would have been *dry.* Therefore, let not him that weepeth despise him that weepeth not; and let not him that weepeth not judge him that weepeth.

THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA LEIGH."

CURIOSITY may naturally be felt to know something of the personality of a lady who has been pronounced to be the amplest and highest mental development of her sex in the entire annals of English literature. The medallion portrait of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING which we give, may, in the view of phrenologists at least, go some way to satisfy the sentiment. It indicates a full cerebral organization—strength of will and intellectual capacity. The detail of the countenance we are enabled to supply from the recollections of a friend who had the good fortune, some years ago, to meet with the authoress in Italy at Florence. "She reminded me"—such was the sum of our informant's impressions—"of a delicate American school-girl, as small and slight and girlish as it was well possible for a woman to be. I do not know how this may strike you," continued he, "but it was then to me a most effective comparison, having for some time previously seen only Italian ladies whose full figures were in noticeable contrast to our more ethereal standard at home. MRS. BROWNING I found possessed of a decidedly fine intellectual countenance, the eye black and large, the cheeks at that time very thin, which, with a diminutive chin, gave the lower part of the face a somewhat triangular shape. The features were regular except the mouth, the upper part of which projected a little too much. If it were not for this defect, and the evident traces of illness, she might have been pronounced handsome. Her black hair was worn in ringlets, falling on either side nearly to the waist, which gave to the delicate figure a strange sprite-like effect. Her voice had that true Shakspearian quality of excellence in woman; it was low, clear, and sweet. The countenance, upon the whole, wore an intensely calm, melancholy expression with the manner of one who had long lived a very retired life."

Such appeared MRS. BROWNING in the eyes of an intelligent American traveler. Since that time the wife has become a mother, and—if literary production be any evidence of increased vitality—must be in renewed power and assurance of physical health. A *very* slight organization would have been consumed utterly by the passionate flames of her pictures of life and the soul in Aurora Leigh.

There are traces in this portraiture of care and suffering as there are every where in the author's poems, though the veriest shadow, the darkest page of sadness—it is never gloom—is penetrated by the divine spiritual light.

There are not many external incidents for a long narrative in that life, but there are a few facts which are keys to enter the secret rooms of the poet's soul—the chambers of imagery of her writings. It is the old story. Mortality and illness cast their dark mantles over the sunny life; it sinks utterly, or if it survive, it is to triumph:

The soul's dark cottage battered and decayed
Lets in new light through chinks which time has made.

The confessional of poet's books is the oratory inscribed to the Sonnet. Enter at nightfall that sacred chapel in this volume of poems, and you may have revealed to you the mystery

When some beloved voice, that was to you
  Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
  And silence, against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease, and new.
What hope? What help? What music will undo
  That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh—
  Not reason's subtle count! Not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew—
  Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress-trees
To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws,
  Self-chanted, nor the angels' sweet All-Hails,
Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these.
Speak, THOU, availing Christ!—and fill this pause.

These and other kindred thoughts may be supposed to refer to a sorrow which MISS MITFORD, in her "Recollections," first revealed to the world. It will be as well, perhaps, to preface it with such previous biographic details as we happen to be acquainted with. They are to be collected chiefly from the dates of the author's publications.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, born in London, of a family in good circumstances, her genius as a child cherished and directed by the care of her sympathetic father, would have had a great reputation as an infant prodigy in literature, had not the glory of her youthful performances fortunately been extinguished in the early blaze of her maturer powers. The phenomenon of her first published volume was certainly remarkable—*An Essay on Mind*, with a motto from TASSO (in 1826), when the author was—if gallantry will allow us the license of the calculation—about fifteen. The Essay is a pleasing rhymed poem, in Papal fashion, of abundant reading running over the magnates of science, art, nature, and literature—PLATO, BACON, LOCKE, BOLINGBROKE, CONDILLAC—without balk or stumbling. There is abundant promise, and performance enough for a good secondary name. But there were earlier poems yet. The girl at ten

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

London. October 21 – 1856 –

Lisped in numbers, for the numbers
  came.

Some lines in this book, "To my Father on his Birth-day," with the appropriate Horatian motto, "*Causa fuit Pater his*," actually indulge in reminiscences! When

'Neath thy gentleness of praise,
My Father! rose my early lays!

She, in fact, wrote verses at ten. The first volume was succeeded, in 1833, by a translation from the Greek of the tragedy of ÆSCHYLUS, Prometheus Bound, which was sent forth from the midst of his learned proof-sheets and digammas by the students' publisher, VALPY. There was boldness in this attempt; but no one was quicker to find it out than the author. In 1850 she replaced this "early failure," as she, with an unnecessary degree of flagellation in her self-inflicted penance, calls it, by "an entirely new version, made for her friends and her conscience, in expiation of a sin of my youth, with the sincerest application of my mature mind." As the first translation is now exceedingly scarce, we may gratify the reader by presenting a few lines, which will show the comparative grasp of these two performances. Take the opening paragraph, the address of Strength to Vulcan. In the early version:

We have attained the utmost bound of earth,
The Scythian way, th' unpeopled wilderness;
And now it fits thee Vulcan, to perform
The father's will; and this audacious god
Fix to the lofty-browed rocks, by links
Infrangible, of adamantine chains.

In the later:

We reach the utmost limit of the earth,
The Scythian track, the desert without man—
And now, Hephæstus, thou must needs fulfill
The mandate of our father, and, with links
Indissoluble, of adamantine chains,
Fasten against this beetling precipice
This guilty god!

The lyrical passages show, of course, greatly increased depth of feeling, and especially a sinewy, knotted expression. The easy enthusiasm, the flowing stream of thought, has become hard and crystallized, and more beautiful at the touch of the rod of the magician Learned Experience. The original poems appended to this volume are all thoughtful and feeling, and will yet be thought worthy of at least a few representatives in the ultimate standard collections of the author's "Works."

The preface to the first edition of the "Prometheus," has a handsome compliment to "the learned MR. BOYD," author among other works of Select Passages from ST. CHRYSOSTOM, ST. GREGORY, NAZIANZEN, and ST. BASIL, translated from the Greek. It was the privilege and luxury of MISS BARRETT to share in these erudite studies—an intimacy of friendship and scholarship of which the poetess has given an eloquent memorial in one of the most perfect of her poems, celebrating a gift of "The Wine of Cyprus" from that old companion and playmate among the folios. It is a most exquisite rhythmical chant, which could be inspired only by a genuine passion for learning. Affectation could never reach it. See how the dead letter, buried in its grave of parchment, is vivified by the light of the imagination passing through this human atmosphere of friendship:

And I think of those long mornings
  Which my Thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
  Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.
Past the pane, the mountain spreading,
  Swept the sheep-bell's tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading,
  Somewhat low for *ai*'s and *oi*'s.
Then what golden hours were for us!
  While we sat together there,
How the white vests of the chorus
  Seemed to wave up a live air!
How the cothurns trod majestic
  Down the deep iambic lines:
And the rolling anapæstic
  Curled, like vapor over shrines!

One train of study followed in these nights and days with the immortals was somewhat peculiar, that of the early Fathers:

Your noble Christian bishops,
  Who mouthed grandly the last Greek:
Though the sponges on their hyssops
  Were distent with wine—too weak.

CHRYSOSTOM and BASIL; HELIODORUS with

his secret of pure lies,
Who forged first his linked stories
In the heat of lady's eyes:

SYNESIUS, NAZIANZEN:—these and their like, verily, are not often objects of worship, and of most intelligent worship too, by young misses in their teens! The sincerity of MISS BARRETT's admiration is proved in the life-blood of this old literature which warms the heart of the newest modern life in the latest of the poems of MRS. BROWNING—Aurora Leigh. If more special proof were needed, it may be found in an admirable series of papers by MISS BARRETT, published with the title "Some Account of the Greek Christian Poets;" for, be it observed in passing, our author's prose is hardly inferior to her verse. These papers and another series, also in the London *Athenæum*, on the English Poets, are full of sterling thought in lively phrase of a high fancy. We are tempted to linger over these early studies of MISS BARRETT, which have so richly furnished her Muse; but which, thanks to a spiritualizing imagination and a true woman's sympathy, have escaped, in their true uses, all taint of pedantry. The spirit truly giveth life. It is a pleasure to the true appreciators of this lady's poetry, to see these old faces of antique nymphs and dryads peeping from her modern words; "universal Pan" still predominant, Jupiter occasionally in the clouds; old Triton blowing his wreathed horn, and Proteus rising from the sea.

But we must move on more rapidly. The year 1838 brought with it *The Seraphim, and other Poems*, the first volume by MISS BARRETT which attracted general attention. The Seraphim rises on the wings of the Greek chorus to a higher Christian theme—a lyric strain of divinity which reached its culmination in the author's *Drama of Exile*, in 1844. Sublimity, tenderness, the sympathy of inanimate nature, the compensation of the second Eden, are blended in that bold, but human and pathetic picture of the Fall of Man.

Before the last-mentioned work was produced, other lessons and discipline, beyond Greek or Roman Fathers, had been interposed to temper, refine, and strengthen the aspiring soul of the young poetess. This is the master grief of a portion of our author's life. Heaven grant that no yet severer trial may ever befall her! MISS MITFORD tells us of the commencement of her acquaintance with MISS BARRETT, about the year 1836. Of a delicate organization, her health was soon after enfeebled by the breaking of a blood-vessel in the lungs, which compelled her to seek the mild climate of Torquay on the Devonshire Coast, as a means of restoration. There, one fine summer morning, her favorite brother, with two friends, set sail for a few hours' pleasure excursion, and were lost, by accident or mismanagement of the boat, within sight of the windows of the sister's lodging. It was probably the brother to whom some of her earliest verses were inscribed in her first book, a memorial—even at that juvenile day—of domestic love, united classical studies, and prayerful devotion. "This tragedy," says MISS MITFORD, "nearly killed ELIZABETH BARRETT." It was some time before she could be removed to London, where she became a prisoner of the English climate for years.

We darken, says JEAN PAUL, the cages of birds, that they may learn to sing the better; so fate treats poets—in the chambers of affliction they "learn in suffering what they teach in song." The door of the cage was, indeed, closed upon ELIZABETH BARRETT. An invalid inmate of her room for numerous wintry seasons, she reclined upon her sofa in pained quiescence, saw a few old tried friends, read many equally well-tried books, while she extended her sympathies, in the power of visionary thought, over the world, even to distant America, which sent from afar, among the earliest, a rebounding echo of her fame. Her physician interdicted literature, naturally cherishing a suspicion of the harassing effects of Greek on an invalid; but learning was mother's milk to his patient, who cheated good DR. BARRY by smuggling PLATO under his eyes, bound up as a novel.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;

and verily, in the wide range of our lady's poetic fancies, and the sweetness of her singing, we may add

The birds that wanton in the air
Knew no such liberty.

There is a touching picture of this semi-convalescent life in certain stanzas of a little poem. "To Flush, my Dog," a favorite gift to MISS BARRETT by her friend, MISS MITFORD. We confess we are generally *not* interested in the smaller tribe of pet dogs, holding them, for the most part, in the first rank of social miseries, and are very apt on occasion to repeat SYDNEY SMITH's felicitous quotation from Shakspeare, "Out, damned Spot!" But for Flush there is exception, pardon, and love, baptized as every hair of him is in the spiritualizing fancies of the gentle author. Flush shall go down to immortality with MONTAIGNE's and DR. JOHNSON's cats, COWPER's hares, TRENCK's mouse, and other myriad welcomings of animated nature, dumb eloquence speaking of universal love. Hear the poet:

Other dogs may be thy peers
Haply in these drooping ears,
  And this glossy fairness.

But of *thee* it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
  Day and night unweary—
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
  Round the sick and dreary.

Roses, gathered for a vase,
In that chamber died apace,
  Beam and breeze resigning—
This dog only, waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone,
  Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew
Tracked the hares, and followed through
  Sunny moor or meadow—
This dog only, crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
  Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer
Bounded at the whistle clear,
  Up the woodside hieing—
This dog only, watched in reach
Of a faintly-uttered speech,
  Or a louder sighing.

A simple, undecorated expression of this sense of confinement is heard in the sigh of a sonnet entitled "The Prisoner:"

I count the dismal time by months and years,
Since last I felt the green sward under foot,
And the great breath of all things summer-mute
Met mine upon my lips. Now Earth appears
As strange to me as dreams of distant spheres,
Or thoughts of Heaven we weep at. Nature's lute
Sounds on behind this door so closely shut,
A strange, wild music to the prisoner's ears,
Dilated by the distance, till the brain
Grows dim with fancies which it feels too fine;
While ever, with a visionary pain,
Past the precluded senses, sweep and shine
Streams, forests, glades—and many a golden train
Of sunlit hills, transfigured to Divine.

In "Aurora Leigh" may be noticed many passages expressive of this sense of imprisonment and of escape therefrom. Indeed the whole spirit of our author's later writings is of one emancipated and let out into the light of day and the action of the world. This is visible no less in pictures of nature than in an ardent sympathy with the wrongs, woes, depressions, aspirings, and efforts of living men and women. The first note was sounded in "The Cry of the Children:" the last wail, pathetic

sorrow, and tender reproach, in behalf of struggling humanity, is in Marian Erle.

About ten years since Miss Barrett was married to the poet, Robert Browning—one of the most remarkable elective affinities ever written in the annals of the poets. The marriage has been a happy one, and the public has, apparently, been a gainer as well as Hymen—the peculiar high poetic powers of each ripening in their last books, different fruits in the same garden. The publication of the poem *Casa Guidi Windows*, or Sketches of the Italian Revolution of 1848, as (poetically) witnessed from her residence at Florence, is too recent to require particular comment on this occasion; while the book of poetry of this and of many seasons past, and probably to come, her *Aurora Leigh*, was but the other day noticed in these pages.

The latest incident in the life of Mrs. Browning—the reception of a legacy from her old and constant friend, to whom that classic poem, "The Dead Pan," and "Aurora Leigh," were dedicated, the poet, John Kenyon, is an omen of generous life in the future. Her genius is in no danger of depreciation or inaction through the temptations of wealth and leisure. Fate has imposed upon her heavier but more noble cares and impulsives to song than poverty, to whom, indeed, the world owes much of its literature. For the sake of the now almost deserted shrines of English poetry, we pray for long life and many books to Elizabeth Barrett Browning!

THE TWO MISERS.

A miser living in Kufa had heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a miser more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither and presented himself to the great master as an humble commencer in the art of avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student. "Welcome!" said the miser of Bassora; "we will straight go into the market to make some purchases." They went to the baker. "Hast thou good bread?" "Good indeed, my masters, and fresh and soft as butter." "Mark this, friend," said the man of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be cheaper, and we shall therefore act more wisely and more savingly, too, in being satisfied with butter." They then went to the butter-merchant, and asked if he had good butter. "Good indeed, and flavory and fresh as the finest olive-oil," was the answer. "Mark this also," said the host to his guest; "oil is compared with the very best butter, and therefore by much ought to be preferred to the latter." They next went to the oil-vender. "Have you good oil?" "The very best quality; white and transparent as water," was the reply. "Mark that, too," said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "by this rule water is the very best. Now at home I have a pailful and most hospitably therewith will I entertain you." And indeed on their return nothing but water did he place before his guest, because they had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread. "God be praised," said the miser of Kufa, "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain!"

WAS IT NOT PROVIDENCE?

About fifty years ago, in the western part of the State of New York, lived a lonely widow, named Mozher. Her husband had been dead many years, and her only daughter was grown up and married, living at the distance of a mile or two from the family mansion.

And thus the old lady lived alone day and night. Yet in her conscious innocence and trust in Providence, she felt safe and cheerful—did her work quietly during the daylight, and at eventide slept sweetly.

One morning, however, she awoke with an extraordinary and unwonted gloom upon her mind, which was impressed with the apprehension that something strange was about to happen to her or hers. So full was she of this thought that she could not stay at home that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, by unbosoming herself to her friends, especially to her daughter. With her she spent the greater part of the day, and to her she several times repeated the recital of her apprehensions. The daughter as often repeated the assurance that her good mother had never done injury to any person, and added, "I can not think any one would hurt you, for you have not an enemy in the world."

On her way home she called on a neighbor, who lived in the last house before she reached her own. Here she again made known her continued apprehensions, which had nearly ripened into fear, and from the lady of the mansion she received answers similar to those of her daughter. "You have harmed no one in your whole lifetime, surely no one will molest you. Go home in quiet, and Rover shall go with you. Here Rover," said she to a stout watch-dog that lay on the floor, "here Rover, go home with Mrs. Mozher, and take care of her." Rover did as he was told. The widow went home, milked her cows, took care of every thing out of doors, went to bed as usual. Rover had not left her for an instant. When she was fairly in bed, he laid himself down upon the outside, and as the widow relied upon his fidelity, and perhaps chid herself for needless fear, she fell asleep. Some time in the night she awoke, being startled, probably, by a slight noise outside the house. It was so slight, however, that she was not aware of being startled at all, but heard, as soon as she awoke, a sound like the raising of a window near her bed, which was in a room on the ground-floor.

The dog neither barked nor moved. Next there was another sound, as if some one was in the room and stepped cautiously on the floor. The woman saw nothing, but now for the first time felt the dog move, as he made a violent spring from the bed, and at the same moment something fell on the floor, sounding like a heavy log. Then followed other noises, like the pawing of a dog's feet; but soon all was still again, and the dog resumed his place on the bed without having barked or growled at all.

This time the widow did not go to sleep immediately, but lay awake wondering, yet not deeming it best to get up. But at last she dropped asleep, and when she awoke the sun was shining. She hastily stepped out of bed, and there lay the body of a man, extended on the floor, dead, with a large knife in his hand, which was even now extended. The dog had seized him by the throat with a grasp of death, and neither man nor dog could utter a sound till all was over. This man was the widow's son-in-law, the husband of her only daughter. He coveted her little store of wealth, her house, her cattle, and her land; and instigated by his sordid impatience, he could not wait for the decay of nature to give her property up to him and his, as the only heirs-apparent, but made this stealthy visit to do a deed of darkness in the gloom of the night. A fearful retribution awaited him. The widow's apprehensions, communicated to her mind, and impressed upon her nerves, by what unseen power we know not, the sympathy of the woman who loaned the dog, and the silent but certain watch of the dog himself, formed a chain of events which brought the murderer's blood upon his own head, and which are difficult to be explained, without reference to that Providence which numbers the hairs of our heads, watches the sparrow's fall, and "shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

NOTES ON THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Valuable Discoveries among the Ruins of Carthage.—Accounts from Tunis announce that Mr. Davis, a gentleman who a few months ago obtained from the Bey of Tunis the concession of the right of exploring the ruins of Carthage, under certain conditions, and who has since been excavating in that interesting locality, under the auspices of the British Government, has made some most important discoveries. An Arab having found in a certain locality a piece of elegant Mosaic, Mr. Davis was induced to push his excavations in that spot, and his labors were rewarded by the discovery, at a considerable depth beneath the surface, of the remains of an ancient temple, which Mr. Davis believes to have been the famous temple of Dido. After cutting through two layers of flooring, which must have been laid down at lengthened intervals, he came upon a most splendid piece of Mosaic workmanship of many square yards in area, upon which were delineated, in beautiful marbles of various colors, and in excellent preservation, two heads, each about three feet in dimension, supposed to represent those of Dido and Juno, besides several most graceful Eastern figures, and a number of highly elegant costumes and devices, all being of exquisite workmanship—perhaps, it is alleged, the most beautiful ancient productions of this art hitherto brought to light. Great exertions are being made by Mr. Davis to place his newly-discovered Mosaic flooring under covering as soon as possible, in order to preserve it from the action of the elements. It is supposed the British Government will dispatch a vessel specially to convey it to England. Mr. Davis had previously found some enormous marble columns, six feet in diameter, as well as several other objects of minor value and interest; and he is, we hear, very sanguine of making still more valuable discoveries.

The Five Great Lakes of North America.—A recent survey gives their area at 90,000 square miles. The total length of the five lakes is 1534 miles. Lake Superior, at its greatest length, is 355 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 988 feet; elevation above the sea, 627 feet; area, 32,000 square miles. Lake Michigan is 360 miles long; its greatest breadth is 108 miles; its mean depth is 900 feet; elevation, 687 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. Lake Huron, in its greatest length, is 200 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 300 feet; elevation, 574 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. Lake Erie is 250 miles long; greatest breadth, 80 miles; mean depth, 200 feet; elevation, 555 feet; area, 6000 square miles. Lake Ontario has a length of 180 miles, and its mean breadth, is 65 miles; mean depth, 500 feet; elevation above the ocean, 262 feet; area, 6006 square miles.

Immense Chains.—A Glasgow paper notices the fabrication of a monster chain, which, when finished, will be the largest ever made. The iron bar from which the chain is formed measures 2¼ inches in diameter, and each link weighs forty-three pounds. Each portion of the chain, eight fathoms, is connected with the next length by means of a heavy coupling of fifty to fifty-two pounds weight, and the entire length of the chain will be 120 fathoms. We also notice in the English papers the manufacture of another monster cable, to be used for mooring the new American steamship *Adriatic*, which will shortly make her first passage to Europe. This chain is guaranteed to hold the *Adriatic* in the strongest gale. It is 400 yards long, and each link weighs fifty pounds. In the process of proving one of the weakest links gave way, at 97 tons' pressure, with a force that shook the building. A new link was substituted, and the cable withstood a strain of 105 tons. Cables are being made for the *Great Eastern*, each link of which will weigh seventy pounds.

Trigonometrical Survey of Great Britain.—Upward of two thousand persons are now employed in this occupation. Maps of the whole of Ireland, several counties and large towns in England and Scotland, on a scale of six inches to a mile, and of nearly the whole of England, and parts of Scotland and Ireland, on a one-inch scale, have been completed. The one and six inch maps are to be continued for other counties. Plans of all the cultivated districts in the country are to be made, upon a scale of about twenty-five inches to a mile.

Ancient Coin.—A Bristol (England) paper notices the recent discovery of some ancient coin near Wells, by workmen employed at new mills. The scene of operations was near the mouth of the celebrated cave, which is about 600 feet long, and contains two domes. The interior is of great altitude, ranging from thirty to seventy feet in height. It appears to have been a sepulchral place formerly, as the coins were deposited with precision in earthen vessels, or small square holes about two feet below the surface. The coins, which were silver, appeared in date and character of the "Romulus and Remus" time.

Iron Discoveries in England.—The discovery of iron in the neighborhood of Seend, Wiltshire, continues, and several furnaces are about to be erected at once. Various persons are testifying their belief in the value of these discoveries by offering fabulous prices for land at Seend, and in its neighborhood. The Duke of Somerset and the trustees of the late Mr. Ludlow Bruges own about half the land at Seend, where the richest ore is found, and the Duke's agent is collecting the best information that can be obtained in reference to the extent and value of the iron.

Curious Discovery in California.—On the ridge between the Middle and South Yubas, Nevada County, at the distance of one hundred and seventy-six feet below the surface of the ground, a curiously-fashioned glass bottle or jar was dug up in hard cement, in January last. After removing the reddish coating, an eighth of an inch thick, which attached to the outside, and thoroughly washing it, the glass was found to be of a light color and quite transparent.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

The Youth of Schiller.—A characteristic trait is related of Schiller when a boy. His father was inspector of the forests in Wurtemberg, and lived in a country solitude, where young Schiller grew up with scarcely a companion but his mother, who directed his studies, and to whom he was passionately attached. One day a violent thunderstorm came on and flashes of lightning began to dart through the atmosphere. Inquiry was made for the boy but he was nowhere to be found. The tempest meanwhile came nearer and nearer; the thunder rolled awfully, and lightning burst from the bosom of the murky clouds. The anxiety of the parents on account of their child increased every moment. The whole family was employed in seeking him. He was at length found, just at the moment of descending from the top of a very tall lime-tree near the house. "For God's sake," cried his father, in the greatest alarm, "where have you been?" "I only wanted to see," replied the fearless boy, "where all that fire came from."

Query for old Knickerbockers.—Perhaps some of your New York readers can explain the allusions in the following extract from Campbell's Travels in America in 1792. Speaking of New York, he says, "To offer a description of this town would be idle; I shall therefore only say the wharfs were crowded with vessels, mostly small craft; the markets extremely well supplied with every necessary of life, and the inhabitants seemed to be doing well, excepting such as suffered by the late great failures occasioned by the speculation of Colonel Dewar and Mr. M'Comb—said to have failed for three millions of dollars."

I do not remember to have met with any mention of these gentlemen and their operations. The particulars would be curious, if they could be recovered, and the circumstances must be within the memory of many persons now living. As the book to which I refer is exceedingly scarce, and not recorded by Rich or any other bibliographer, I give the title at length: "Travels in the interior inhabited parts of North America, in the years 1791 and 1792. In which is given an account of the manners and customs of the Indians, and the present war between them and the Federal States, the mode of life and system of farming among the new settlers of both Canadas, New York, New England, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, interspersed with anecdotes of people, observations on the soil, natural productions, and political situation of these countries. Illustrated with copper-plates, by P. Campbell. Edinburgh, printed for the author, 1793," 1 vol. 8vo, 388 pp. It contains a very detailed and curious account of the celebrated Colonel Brant and his family, with whom the author was a visitor (which I believe was unknown to Colonel Stone, who wrote the life of this famous Indian chieftain), and much other interesting matter.

Manhattan.

"To the Charitable and Humane."—Any one who can restore the following waifs and strays to their rightful owners, will confer a favor on sundry of our correspondents who desire to be informed of their parentage:

> "Count that day lost whose low descending sun
> Sees at thy hand no worthy action done."

> "I am old and blind,
> Men point at me as smitten by God's frown," etc.
> *Verses attributed to Milton.*

> "What have I done that mine enemies should
> praise me?"

Once for all we may as well inform every one (who does not know it already), that the lines

> "No pent-up Utica confines our powers,
> But the whole boundless continent is ours,"

were written by Jonathan Mitchell Sewall, and are part of an epilogue to Cato, composed in 1778 by that gentleman, who was born at Salem in 1748, and died at Portsmouth in 1808; so we trust that this will no longer be an open question.

New Letter of Charles Lamb's.—Every line that fell from the pen of the gentle Elia has, we know, a charm for his admirers, and that numerous body will be obliged to us for presenting them with a note he wrote to Mr. Collier on the subject of Coleridge's Lectures on Shakspeare, soon after he and his sister had moved from the Temple to Covent Garden, or, as he styles it,

"The Garden of England, *December* 10, 1811.

"Dear J. P. C.,—I know how zealously you feel for our friend, S. T. Coleridge, and I know that you and your family attended his lectures four or five years ago. He is in bad health and worse mind, and unless something is done to brighten his heart he will soon be reduced to his extremities, and even these are not in the best condition. I am sure that you will do for him what you can, but at present he seems in a mood to do for himself. He projects a new course, not of physic, nor of metaphysic, nor a new course of life, but a new course of lectures on Shakspeare and Poetry. There is no man better qualified (always excepting number one) but I am pre-engaged for a series of dissertations on India, and India-pendence, to be completed at the expense of the Company in I know not (yet) how many volumes foolscap folio. I am busy getting up my Hindoo mythology, and for the purpose I am once more enduring Southey's curse (of Kehama). To be serious, Coleridge's state and affairs make me so, and there are particular reasons just now (and have been any time these twenty years) why he should succeed. He will do so with a little encouragement. I have not seen him lately, and he does not know that I am writing.

"Yours (for Coleridge's sake), in haste,
"C. Lamb."

Now, and Then.—The veteran artist Rembrandt Peale, in discussing the immense value of the daguerreotypic art to the traveler, gives an amusing reminiscence of the last age. "In the Exploring Expedition of Lewis and Clarke, no individual of the party had the least knowledge of drawing, and all the illustrations which embellish the history of that expedition were engraved from designs made by my father, from the skins of animals which he first had to put into their natural forms; and an interesting cataract was drawn entirely from a verbal description!"

America's Obligations to Northamptonshire.—To Northamptonshire America owes the families of her two greatest men. Franklin's grandfather was a blacksmith and small proprietor at Ecton, where his family had lived on a freehold of about 30 acres full 300 years, beyond which the records did not extend. Washington's family had an older and more important position in the county. His great great grandfather, Laurence, lies buried in the church at Brington, and on the tomb-slab are the arms, Argent, two bars, gules, in chief, three mullets of the second, which, may have suggested the stars and stripes of the American ensign. Laurence's son emigrated to America about 1657, and his son settled at Bridges Court, where the great George was born in 1832. The grandfather of Laurence, who lived at Brington, was twice Mayor of Northampton, in 1532 and '45, and had granted to him by Henry VIII. the lands of Sulgrave, which became their chief family residence. The manor-house still remains, though now a common farm-house. A tomb in the choir of Sulgrave church still retains the arms and name of one of the family, and within a few years the shield of the Washingtons was to be seen in the stained glass in the kitchen window.

Words and Things.—It is strange how long our forefathers managed to jog on without many *words* as well as *things* that we find indispensable enough. There is the word "Police," for instance; few would look upon its familiar aspect as that of a lately naturalized alien, but so it is. We should be glad to be informed in what classic English author it first appears. When Johnson wrote his dictionary he could find no instance of its use in any of his authorities. Captain Burt, in his Letters from Scotland (a book much quoted by Macaulay), written about 1735, gives an anecdote of a French gentleman, who soon after his arrival in London observed a good deal of dirt and disorder in the streets, and asking about the police, *but finding none that understood the term*, he cried out, "Good Lord! how can one expect order among these people, who have not such a word as *police* in their language?"

Editor Notes and Queries:

Washington Irving's First Work.—In 1824 was published in London a small volume entitled "Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent." by the author of the "Sketch Book," with a biographical notice. In a review of the book by a contemporary periodical, the letters are said to have been "written by Mr. Irving in 1802, and printed in the *Morning Chronicle*, a paper published in New York, of which his brother was editor." They are spoken of as lively and humorous, equal to the best papers in Canning's "Microcosm." I wish to learn if this collection has ever been printed in this country, and whether the authorship of the letters was avowed by Mr. Irving, and also if a copy can now be procured.

Assyrian Archæology.—The great Assyrian and Oriental scholar, Sir Henry Rawlinson, has lately given to the Asiatic Society a gratifying account of the rapid progress of research in this absolutely new domain of philological science. He is now editing for the Trustees of the British Museum a great work, comprising *fac similes* of the most important arrow-headed or cuneiform inscriptions, for distribution among the literati of Europe. It commences with the earliest Assyrian historical document that has been discovered, from a ruined temple in the city of Asshur, or Kheleh Shergat. It is dated in the twelfth century, B.C., in the reign of the first Tiglath-Pileser, and fills eight sheets, containing 800 lines. It enumerates the ancestors of the king as far back as the eighteenth century B.C. It gives a detailed account of his early expeditions into Syria and Asia Minor, and a record of his conquest of Egypt and of the submission of the *Chasmoneans* or *Casluchim* who inhabited Phœnicia before the Semitic colonization of the country. The second inscription on ten folio

sheets comprises the annals of the Emperor Sardanapalus, from the great mound of Nimrod. Sir Henry says, emphatically, that the complete identity of the results at which all Assyrian scholars had arrived, independently of each other, convinces him that the system of interpretation is as certain as our ability to read Greek and Hebrew texts. It is surely time, therefore, that our historical manuals and class-books should be adapted to this wonderful uplifting of the vail of time.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

On the Age of Animals.—Animals are said to live about seven or eight times the length of the period which they take in arriving at maturity. By observing the growth and decay of the teeth of some animals, and by certain marks on the horns of others, we are enabled to ascertain their ages with a tolerable degree of certainty.

The age of the horse is best known by the appearance of the incisive teeth, or nippers as they are called; there are six of these in each jaw.

In fifteen days after birth the foal or milk-teeth appear; these are rounded in front, and present a surface with the outer ridge rising in a slanting direction above the inner. This inequality soon begins to wear down, and the mark in the centre of the teeth, which was at first long and narrow, becomes shorter and fainter. At six months old the four nippers are worn nearly to a level.

At 1½ years old the mark in the central nippers will be short and slight; in the others it will present a considerable change, and *all will be flat*.

At 2½ years the central pair of nippers, or milk-teeth, fall out, and are replaced by permanent teeth.

At 3½ years one on each side of the permanent nippers falls out, and is replaced by a permanent tooth.

At 4½ years the two exterior teeth of the first set fall out, and are permanently replaced.

All the permanent nippers are marked in their crowns with a circular pit or furrow, which is gradually effaced as the tooth wears down—the size and shape of the marks being a very correct means of ascertaining the age of the horse up to the eighth year, but at this time the marks are worn out of all the nippers, with the exception of the two exterior ones; these having appeared a year later than the others, preserve these marks in proportion.

A horse of three years old will have the central permanent nippers growing, the other two pairs declining, six grinders in each jaw, the first and fifth grinders level with each other, and the sixth protruding; the sharp edges of the new nippers will be easily distinguished.

At 3½ to 4 the mouth can not be mistaken. The central nippers will have nearly attained their full size. A space will be left where the second pair stood, or the new ones will have to appear above the gum. The corner nippers will be considerably diminished, and the mark within will have become small and faint. At this period the second pair of grinders will be shed.

At 4 years the central nippers will have attained full size; the sharp edges will be a little worn; the marks will be shorter, wider, and more indistinct. The next pair of nippers will be up, but they will be small and deeply marked. The corner nippers, although reduced, are still larger than the inside ones; in them the mark is nearly effaced. The sixth grinder will have attained nearly full size, and the tushes will have begun to protrude.

At 5 years the mouth of the horse is nearly perfect; the exterior nippers are quite up, and the mark on them is long and irregular. The other nippers are beginning to wear; the tushes are considerably grown; the sixth grinder is up, and the third is wanting.

At 6 years the mark in the central nippers is nearly worn out, but there is a difference in color in the centre of the tooth, with a slight depression in the same place. In the next pair of nippers the mark is short, broad, and indistinct. In the corner teeth the edges are more even and the surface somewhat worn. The tush has attained full size, the third grinder is up, and the grinders are all level.

At 7 years the mark is worn out of the four central teeth, and is also beginning to wear away in the corner ones. The tushes are altered in appearance; they have become rounded.

At 8 years old the mark is worn from all the nippers of the lower jaw, with the exception of the two exterior ones, as has been remarked before; in these teeth a *very faint mark* still remains.

The nippers of the upper jaw do not wear so soon as those in the lower, for they are not exposed to as much work; consequently the marks in them do not disappear so soon as in the lower teeth; and a good judge may form a correct opinion of a horse's age by observing the marks of the nipper in the upper jaw, when they have been obliterated in the lower teeth.

After a horse is 10 years old the teeth can not be relied on as a correct method of ascertaining his age. Yet a good judge may form a tolerably accurate opinion by the size, bluntness, and discoloration of the tushes.

The eye-pits of the horses of from 10 to 14 years of age become gradually more hollow, and their eyebrows grayer, year by year. The bars or ridges of the palate are effaced in proportion as the horse advances in years.

To secure hardy, full-bearing currant or gooseberry bushes, procure some cuttings of strong young wood of about a foot long; cut out the eyes from the lower part of the shoot, six or eight inches up, that you may not be troubled with suckers. Do this as early in the spring as the ground can be prepared, digging the earth deep and mellow before planting. Set them full eight feet apart, and, if convenient, in a slightly sheltered place, as along a garden fence, hedge, or row of small trees, being careful to give them plenty of room to spread. Where gooseberry-bushes are troubled with blight, scrape off the rough bark in early spring, and apply soft-soap freely to the trunk, branches, and roots, as far as you can reach them. To water young bushes with soap and water frequently during the summer is a preventive of blight.

Farmers often have occasion to measure off from a lot of land, fractions of one acre, for the purpose of making a series of experiments upon different modes of planting, cultivating, or manuring. To facilitate this, we give the measurement of the side of a square, containing the following fractional parts of an acre. A reference to this table will save some, perhaps, tedious calculation:

1-16 of an acre	contains	2,722½	sq. feet—about	52½	ft. sq.
$\frac{1}{8}$	"	"	5,445	"	" 73¾	"
$\frac{1}{4}$	"	"	10,890	"	" 104¼	"
$\frac{1}{3}$	"	"	14,520	"	" 121¼	"
$\frac{1}{2}$	"	"	21,780	"	" 147¼	"
1 acre		"	43,560	"	" 209	"
2 acres		"	87,120	"	" 295¼	"

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

It is with ideas as with pieces of money: those of the least value generally circulate the most.

Some Postmaster in Michigan was removed in order that there might be no invidious exception to the general principle of rotation, but was afterward given a better place. Governor Marcy was asked what he thought of that kind of rotation. He replied that he had never known that character of rotary movement to make a man sea-sick.

"Zounds, fellow!" exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlegmatic, matter-of-fact person, "I shall go out of my wits."

"Well, you won't have far to go," said the phlegmatic man.

The old gentleman who thought he could stop a rat-hole with toasted cheese, has just been overtaken with another hallucination, viz., that young women can be kept from knowing "what's what" by sending them to boarding-school.

"457,000,000 feet of lumber received at Chicago in one year! Phew!" quoth Starlight, "couldn't a fellow get board cheap there!"

Beware of falling in love with a pair of mustaches, till you have ascertained whether their wearer is the original proprietor.

A cunning lawyer meeting with a shrewd old friend on a white horse, determined to quiz him. "Good morning, daddy! Pray, what makes your horse look so pale in the face?"

"Ah! my dear friend," replied the old man, "if thee had looked through a halter so long, thee would look pale too!"

One man asked another why his beard was brown, and his hair white? "Because," he said, "one is twenty years younger than the other."

One of the toasts drank at a recent celebration was—"Woman—she requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself."

A wag asked his friend, "How many knaves do you suppose live in this street besides yourself?"

"Besides myself?" replied the other, in a heat; "do you mean to insult me?"

"Well, then," said the first, "how many do you reckon, including yourself?"

"La me!" said Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There's no blessing like that of health, particularly when you're sick!"

An old retired sea-captain, named Joe S——, was quite partial to "Old Monongahela," in which he sometimes indulged to such an extent as to render his navigation extremely difficult. One stormy night, as he was returning from a tavern, chanting an old sea-song, he was met by a neighbor, who, noticing his zigzag course, accosted him with, "Why, Mr. S——, what makes you stagger so from one side of the street to the other?" Grasping his querist by the collar, to steady himself, Joseph, with great dignity, replied: "Well, you see, neighbor, this confounded wind blows so hard that I am obliged to tack in order to reach home."

Jack Ketch being asked on what ground he claimed the clothes of those he hanged, answered, as their executor.

Major Ben. Perley Poor lectured to the Philadelphians some days ago, on a trip from Paris to Palestine, and, in course of his remarks, told a cool joke of a Yankee at sea. "This individual," said the Major, "was a Vermonter, and in the height of the gale, which lasted sixty hours, and looked pretty dangerous, he came on deck, and coolly remarked that it was lucky he did not own any stock in the company which had insured the steamer."

THE HARDEST CASE ON RECORD.

He took the ague badly,
And it shook him, shook him sorely;
Shook his boots off, and his toe-nails;
Shook his teeth out, and his hair off;
Shook his coat all into tatters,
And his shirt all into ribbons:
Shirtless, coatless, hairless, toothless,
Minus boots, and minus toe-nails,
Still it shook him—shook him till it
Made him yellow, gaunt, and bony;
Shook him till he reached his death-bed;
Shook him till it shuffled for him
Off his mortal coil, and then it
Having made him cold as could be,
Shook the earth still down upon him,
And he lies 'neath his gravestone,
Ever shaking, shaking, shaking!

"Ladies and gentlemen," said an auctioneer, "these articles are no sham—they are genuine tapestry carpets, made by Mr. Tapestry himself."

A dry old crust of a fellow, who was unhappy with his preacher because the "dry vine," as Carlyle would call him, could not penetrate the thick ligament that covered the crusty man's soul, signified to the minister his desire to have a pew nearer the pulpit.

"Can't you hear?" asked the good man.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Can't you see?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you change?"

"Because," said the obdurate one, "I am so far off, that when your words get to me they are as flat as dish-water."

"Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world."

There is more true happiness and genuine comfort in presiding over and enjoying the sweets of a quiet home, than in swaying the destinies and commanding the luxuries of an empire.

"Small thanks to you, Sir," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this cause."

"Ah, Sir," said the conscientious witness, "but just think of what I didn't say."

"How shall I take this coat apart?" said an industrious wife to her waggish husband.

"Why, you should know, my dear; you made it, you know. I should say, do it pretty much as you put it together; for as you sew so shall you rip—you know!"

The world is a treadmill which turns all the time,
And leaves us no choice but to sink or to climb.

Gentility is to be defined in the next edition of the American Dictionary—"Eating meat with a silver fork, neither being paid for."

At the winter assize at Chester, there was, says the Liverpool *Albion*, a noise in the passage occasioned by some ladies endeavoring to gain admission to the court.

Baron Alderson. "Let the passage be cleared. If I were a lady, I should have no desire to come and hear a man tried for his life; but that is a matter of taste. At any rate, if they want to gratify their curiosity, let them do so quietly."

The Usher. "But they can't do it, my lord." (Laughter.)

His Lordship. "I know they can't." (Renewed laughter.)

At a wedding the other day, one of the guests, who often is a little absent-minded, observed gravely: "I have often remarked that there have been more women than men married this year."

A dentist having presented a bill for the tenth time to a rich skinflint, "It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill." "Yes," replied the dentist, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so, and I've called now to get it squared."

A St. Louis editor complains that the arrival of their mails from the West are not half so regular as their *robberies!*

A Mr. Flannigan, in a Dublin paper, puts his name to the following genuine announcement:

"I hereby warn all persons from trusting my wife, Ellen Flannigan, on my account—as I'm not married to her!"

When the committee of the French Academy were employed in preparing a well-known Academy Dictionary, Cuvier, the celebrated naturalist, came into the room where they were holding a session. "Glad to see you, Monsieur Cuvier," said one of the forty; "we have just finished a definition which we think quite satisfactory, but upon which we would like to have your opinion. We have been defining the word Crab, and have explained it thus: 'Crab, a small red fish, which walks backward.'" "Perfect, gentlemen," said Cuvier; "only I will make one small observation in natural history: The crab is not a fish—it is not red—and it does not walk backward! With these exceptions your definition is excellent."

Stephen Girard used to say: "There's no difficulty in getting rich—not the least in the world; the *first* million is the only difficulty—the rest will make itself!"

Our late Secretary of State, Mr. Marcy, was and is a wag as well as a match for the diplomatists around him. A sturdy *American* some time ago told him, with great solemnity, that fourteen out of the nineteen clerks employed in the State Department were *Roman Catholics*—and he paused to hear the Secretary's expression of surprise, regret, or excuse. "Ah!" said Mr. Marcy, with his imperturbable, bland smile, and his quiet manner, "I am glad to hear it; I didn't know that I had so many as fourteen clerks with any religion at all!"

A WHOOP ABOUT HOOPS.

For when a smitten wretch has seen
Among the lost in crinoline,
The one his heart holds dearer,
Oh! what a chill to ardent passion,
To feel that through this hollow fashion
He never can be nearer!
That instead of timidity drawing near,
And pouring into her thrilling ear
The flood of his soul's devotion,
He must stand and bellow in thunder tones,
Across half an acre of skirts and bones,
As if hailing a ship on the ocean.

A Western editor, whose subscribers complained very loudly that he did not give them news enough for their money, told them that if they did not find enough in the paper they had better read the Bible, which, he had no doubt, would be news to most of them.

A wag has truly remarked, that if some men could come out of their graves and read the inscriptions on their tomb-stones, they would think they had got into the wrong graves!

A wealthy but miserly old man, dining down town one day with his son at a restaurant, whispered in his ear:

"Tom, you must eat for to day and to-morrow."

"Oh, yes," retorted the half-starved lad, "but I han't eaten for yesterday and the day before yet, father!"

"What are you about, my dear?" said his grandmother to a little boy who was sliding along the room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit.

"I am trying, grandma', to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting the gentleman see it, for papa wants him to think he's out."

Two country attorneys overtaking a wagoner on the road, and thinking to break a joke upon him, asked him why his fore horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The wagoner, knowing them to be limbs of the law, answered that his fore horse was a *lawyer* and the rest *were his clients*.

A Quaker at Norwich, one of a well-known family there, having bought a horse, which proved unsound, of a gentleman named Bacon, he wrote to inform him of it, but received no answer. Shortly after, meeting the seller at Norwich, he requested him to take back the horse, which the other positively refused to do. Finding his remonstrances of no avail, the Quaker calmly said, "Friend, thou hast doubtless heard of the devil entering the herd of swine, and I find that he still sticks fast in the *Bacon*."

A teacher one day endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said, "A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as, Peter is beaten. Now, what did Peter do?" The boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied, "Well, I don't know, without he *hollered*."

One of the papers says that Mr. Broderick, the *screw inventor*, from California, has worked himself up rapidly in the world. The writer meant to say the *new Senator*, but the printers turned him into a screw inventor.

"And must I leave thee, dearest Angeline?"

"Yeth, dear Guthy, you had better take a turn with Mith Thimpthon, juth to keep people from talking. You can come back, you know."

Horne Tooke being asked by George III. whether he played cards, replied, "I can not, your majesty, tell a king from a knave."

Gentleman. "Is Mrs. M. in?"

Servant. "No, Sir, she is not at home."

Gentleman. "Ah! I am sorry, as I owe her some money, and have called to pay it. When—"

Voice from over the balustrade. "Oh, I am in! To be sure I am. Why, Sally, didn't you know that? Ask the gentleman to walk in!"

A man often goes where he has no business to be, because he *has no business* where he ought to be.

Michigan has a new law diminishing the sentences of State-prison convicts one day for every month of perfect good behavior. That must be consoling to those sentenced for life.

Set not thy watch by the town clock—the way of the world—but by the sure dial of Scripture; for that never faileth of going by the Sun of Righteousness.

Somebody has been having a sly dash at a fashionable wedding. Hear him

Four-and-twenty bridesmen all in a row;
Four-and-twenty dandies dressed from top to toe;
Four-and-twenty grimaces, four-and-twenty smiles,
And the carriages extending four-and-twenty miles;
Four-and-twenty bridesmaids dressed in hoop and feather,
Eight-and-forty ninnies standing all together.
The bride ringed and jeweled,
The groom gloved and grum,
And both of them look foolish,
And both of them are dumb.
A thousand spectators,
To see the pretty match;
A thousand tongues to whisper,
He's made quite a catch.
Eight-and-forty ninnies
Marching out of church,
Like so many schoolboys
Running from the birch.
Oh! what a sight to look upon as ever I did see,
The world makes a great fuss for nothing, seems to me.

The steamer *Natchez* is famous, and so is Dick Nash. *She* can beat the world on *water*, and *he* beat human kind for something to drink. She never sticks fast on a bar, while he sticks fast behind a bar; and, whether on or off a bender, neither can be beat. It has puzzled some of the knowing ones to the amount of some twenty thousand dollars as to how fast that boat can run; but the truth must be told; it is Dick's good liquor and better jokes which make the *Natchez so fast*.

"Ah!" said Dick, slowly stirring up a luscious drink for some anxious expectants in that peculiar manner of his, giving you a double zest for both the joke and the drink; "so you didn't hear of my fight last Saturday in New Orleans?"

"No; how was it?"

"Well, if it hadn't been for the old man (Captain Leathers) I should probably have killed the fellow."

"Go on, go on; tell us all about it."

"He was an awful chap," said Dick, "a perfect whale, I assure you; but, you see, I weigh some 185 pounds, and am no small fry myself; it was rather too light for *him*, I can tell you."

"How did it commence? what was it about?"

"Look at my fist; you can form some idea of how hard I hit him from that bruise there. We had a tremendous fight; up and down, over and under, I hit him here and knocked him there; into it I pitched in earnest, I can tell you. He was a full-grown colt and no boy, but it got too hot for him; the old man (Captain Leathers) sung out to me to stop, and I stopped."

"Well; but, Dick, how did it commence, and what was it about?" was asked, in rather an excited tone.

"I can tell you it was just the prettiest and neatest fight I ever saw; both of us good, stout fellows, and no children. The way of it was this: I caught the chap with his arm up to the shoulder in my apple barrel, and in catching hold of him I pulled him around so that he couldn't get his arm out, and I pegged it into him like smoke; and if he only had the other arm in, I would have whipped him a blame sight worse! What do you drink, gentlemen?"

While here and there a noble mind
Shines, like the sun, to serve mankind,
How many shine to draw men's eyes,
And not to give them light,
Like stars that twinkle in the skies,
But leave the world in night!
Whose restless rays just show the place
They occupy in boundless space,
Till the benignant orb of day
Rises, and then they fade away.

A troubled mind is often relieved by maintaining a cheerful demeanor. The effort withdraws its attention from the cause of pain, and the cheerfulness which it promotes in others extends by sympathy to itself.

A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be,
As travelers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.

A lady writes, referring to the law punishing men who beat their wives, that hers does worse by arguing with her whenever she makes a mistake. "I had rather he would beat me, that I would! Hammer, hammer, hammer! with his nasty, disagreeable logic! he quite makes my head ache."

A model return upon a writ was recently made by a deputy-sheriff in Morgan County, Indiana. It was: "Sarved the within, but was fit by brickbats by the woman, so that I couldn't sarve it."

On a certain occasion a noted infidel borrowed a sum of money from the late Rev. Dr. Lathrop, of West Springfield, Massachusetts. When he came to pay it, he thought to pose the Doctor with an argument from the Bible. "You ought not to take interest for this money, for the Jews were indeed forbidden to take usury!" "Oh no," said the Doctor, "you forget; the Jews were indeed forbidden to take usury of their own people, but they were allowed to take usury of the heathen!" The application was too direct to be mistaken, and the man was quite willing to drop the argument and pay the money.

Mr. Simms, of South Carolina, failed to lecture before several Lyceums, and, among others, the one at Hartford. Mr. Simms's place was supplied by a Mr. Phillip, who thus alluded to the South Carolinian:

Ah, luckless me! A task that Hercules
Ne'er dared attempt, I must perform to please.
The labor's mine to plug the hollow pole,
And fill at least a part of Simms's hole.

The cold-heartedness of much systematic charity is strikingly illustrated, and properly rebuked, in the following: A respectable but unfortunate woman was recommended to the attention of a would-be charitable lady, and at a benevolent meeting, of which the grand lady was President, the subject of their assistance was introduced.

The lady threw a hurried glance at the applicant, and asked, abstractedly,

"How many children have you?"

"Three, madam."

The President returned to her discussion with some fellow-members, and forgot the waiting applicant. About a quarter of an hour afterward, on turning around, she observed the poor woman, and suddenly asked,

"Have you any children, ma'am?"

"Madam," answered the woman, "some time ago I had the honor of telling you that I had three, and since that time no more have been born to my knowledge!"

And with a respectful but indignant bow, the high-minded woman quitted the room, leaving the lady patron perfectly horror-struck at her boldness.

SUNDAY.

Apart from vanity and sin,
How calm the Sabbath stands,
As if our Father held it in
The hollow of His hands!

How calm! a vestibule before
Of work-days and of care—
Oh! let us ope its golden door
Upon the hinge of prayer!

An exceedingly tall gentleman was walking with a very small friend in the midst of a heavy shower, when the latter observed,

"Bill, ain't it coming down?"

Bill, lifting his shoulders still higher, answered,

"I don't know how it may be with you; but it's raining awfully up here!"

You can't fill a man as you fill up a pitcher;
He always will hold
A little more gold,
And never's so rich that he wouldn't be richer.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday Evening, March* 23, 1857.

The Wholesale Produce Markets were only moderately active during the week. The receipt of generally unfavorable European advices had an injurious effect, which the partial resumption of Hudson River navigation helped to develop. The arrivals of Breadstuffs were moderate, while receivers freely offered their supplies, mainly at much lower rates, without inducing a livelier inquiry, either for home use or for export. Western Canal Flour is down to \$5 80 @ \$6 70 for ordinary to fancy, and \$6 25 @ \$8 50 for low to choice extra brands per barrel. Superfine to extra Canadian is worth but \$6 15 @ \$7 50; and mixed to extra Southern \$6 30 @ \$8 75 per barrel. Rye Flour commands \$3 50 @ \$5 25 for fine to superfine, while Corn Meal is lightly dealt in at \$3 25 @ \$3 30 for Jersey, and \$3 60 @ \$3 65 for Brandywine, per barrel. Wheat is in fair supply and decidedly cheaper, yet not in much request. The closing quotations are from \$1 55 @ \$1 75 for White, and \$1 30 @ \$1 55 for Red, per bushel. Corn is plentier and lower. Hence, it is in good demand, closing at 70 c. for mixed Western, in store; 68 @ 72 c. for mixed Southern; 68 @ 75 c. for Yellow, and 68 @ 76 c. for White, per bushel. Rye rules dull and heavy, at from 88 @ 93 c. per bushel. Barley is scarce and wanted, at from \$1 40 @ \$1 52½ per bushel. Barley Malt continues in light supply and good demand, at from \$1 65 @ \$1 75, some factors asking as much as \$1 80 per bushel. Oats are in fair request, and are very firm at 53 @ 55 c. for Western; 51 @ 53 c. for State; 50 @ 52 c. for Jersey, and 47 @ 50 c. for Southern, per bushel. Cotton has been moderately dealt in at strengthening prices. Middling Uplands leave off at 13¾ c., and do. Gulfs at 13¾ @ 14 c. per pound. Most of the current movements are in Cotton on the way to Liverpool from our Southern ports. Provisions continued in lively request, and for most kinds, full if not better prices were realized. Mess Pork brings \$23 90 @ \$24 00; and Prime do., \$18 90 @ \$19 00 per barrel. Country Mess Beef has risen to \$12 25 @ \$13 25, while do. Prime do. is still quoted at \$10 00 @ \$11 00 per barrel, and Prime Mess Beef at \$22 00 @ \$28 00 per tierce. Beef Hams close at \$22 50 @ 23 50 per barrel. Prime Lard, in barrels, is worth 14¼ c. per pound. The available supplies of Provisions are comparatively limited, and factors are not eager sellers. Groceries are in improved demand, and are held with increasing firmness. Rio Coffee, 9¾ @ 12 c. per pound; New Orleans Molasses, 75 @ 76 c.; Cuba Muscovado do., 45 @ 58 c. per gallon; and Cuba Sugar, 8¾ @ 10¼ c. per pound. Teas are somewhat less buoyant, though quoted steady, while Rice shows rather less animation, at last week's figures. Hay is abundant and attainable at 80 c. @ \$1 00 per 100 pounds. Not much inquiry for it. Hemp, Hops, and Grass seeds remain as last noticed. Tobacco is moderately sought after at former prices. Wool is in fair demand at well-supported rates: Domestic Fleece, 40 @ 65 c.; do. pulled, 34 @ 52½ c. per pound. Other commodities are essentially unaltered.

The Live Stock Market was well supplied with Beeves, for which only a moderate inquiry existed, and easier prices were accepted. The week's receipts—according to returns from the principal markets—comprised 3372 Beeves, 348 Milch Cows, 748 Veal Calves, 5386 Sheep and Lambs, and 912 Swine, against 4016 Beeves, 337 Milch Cows, 665 Veal Calves, 9343 Sheep and Lambs, and 2385 Swine the preceding week. Ohio, New York, Illinois, and Indiana furnished the bulk of the stock offered the last market day. The range of prices of Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market on Weenesday last was from 9 c. for the poorest, to 14 c. for premium cattle, the general average having been 10½ c., or ¼ c. per pound under that of the preceding week. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, were more freely offered than needed, and prices leaned in favor of purchasers. The main sales of the week were at prices ranging from \$30 00 for common to \$75 00 for extra, each. These sales were regarded as indicating a falling off in value of from \$3 00 @ \$5 00, each animal. Veal Calves were plenty and heavy, at from 5 @ 7¼ c. per pound. Sheep and Lambs were not so abundant, and as there existed a pretty good demand, somewhat better prices were obtained for them. The bulk of the week's sales were at from \$4 00 @ \$9 00 per head. Swine were scarce and wanted at 7¼ @ 8 c. for live, and 9¾ @ 10¼ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market, owing, in part, to the comparative plentiness and cheapness of most kinds of farm, garden, and barn-yard produce, was rather brisker during the week.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, common to good, per barrel..	\$2 50	@	\$4 50
" good to extra, per barrel	\$4 50	@	\$6 00
" Dried, State, per pound.....	10	@	12
" " Southern, per pound .	8	@	10
Cranberries, per barrel	\$11 00	@	\$14 00
Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound...	13	@	17
" " (unpeeled), per pound.	8	@	10
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	\$1 00	@	\$1 75
Potatoes, per barrel................	\$1 75	@	\$4 00
" Sweet, per barrel..........	\$6 00	@	—
Onions, Red, per barrel.............	\$2 75	@	\$3 25
" Yellow, per barrel..........	\$3 00	@	\$3 50
" White, per barrel	\$3 50	@	\$4 00
" per 100 strings	\$2 75	@	\$3 00
Washed Carrots, per barrel..........	\$1 25	@	\$1 50
Beets, per barrel...................	\$2 00	@	\$2 25
Parsnips, per barrel	\$1 50	@	\$1 75
Turnips, per barrel.................	50	@	\$1 25
Cabbages, per 100	\$4 00	@	\$8 00
Celery, per dozen	75	@	\$1 25
Garlic, per 100 bunches.............	\$7 00	@	—
Pumpkins, per 100	\$25 00	@	—
Sweet-corn, per bushel	\$6 50	@	—
Tomatoes, per box	\$1 75	@	—
Butter, Western, per pound	16	@	22
" State, per pound	20	@	30
Cheese, State, per pound............	12	@	14
Lard, per pound.....................	14	@	15
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen..............	16¼	@	17½
Fowls, per pound....................	12	@	18
Ducks, Domestic, per pound..........	17	@	19
Turkeys, per pound	10	@	16
Geese, per pound	9	@	13
Pigeons, per dozen	90	@	\$1 25
Quail, per dozen	\$1 50	@	\$2 00
Partridges, per pair................	62½	@	75
Prairie Hens, per pair	50	@	60
Hares, per pair.....................	50	@	62½
Beef, per pound	7	@	9
Mutton, per pound	8	@	10
Lamb, per pound	8	@	9
Veal, per pound	10	@	12
Pork, per pound.....................	9	@	11
Venison, carcass, per pound	4	@	6
" saddle, per pound	6	@	8
Bear Meat, per pound	17½	@	22½

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday Evening, March* 23, 1857.

Business during the past week has been still active at this port, though the imports and exports compare more nearly with those of the corresponding period last year than those of former weeks. This will be seen from the following table:

	Exports.	Imports
Week ending Mar. 21, 1857	\$1,880,357....	\$3,858,557
Corresponding week, 1856	1,458,047....	3,438,047

We are exporting less specie than usual at this time of year by half a million a week, and this is the more fortunate, as the receipts from California decline steadily.

Exchange on London may be quoted at 108½, at which rate but little specie will go abroad. Money is a trifle cheaper, very choice names being done in the street at 7 @ 8 per cent., while second class rule from from 10 @ 12 per cent.

The quantity of goods wharehoused, and the large exports of Cotton from Southern ports, are imparting general confidence to the city and the community.

In stocks there is little to report. Erie made a partial endeavor to recover the decline of last week, but without success. Efforts were made by some indiscreet person to injure the character of Mr. McCallum, but these have been fully refuted by the publication of the correspondence between him and the president, showing the high opinion held of him by the Company at the moment of his resignation. The list of speculative stocks generally has sympathized with Erie, and we have to note a general decline averaging 1 per cent.

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